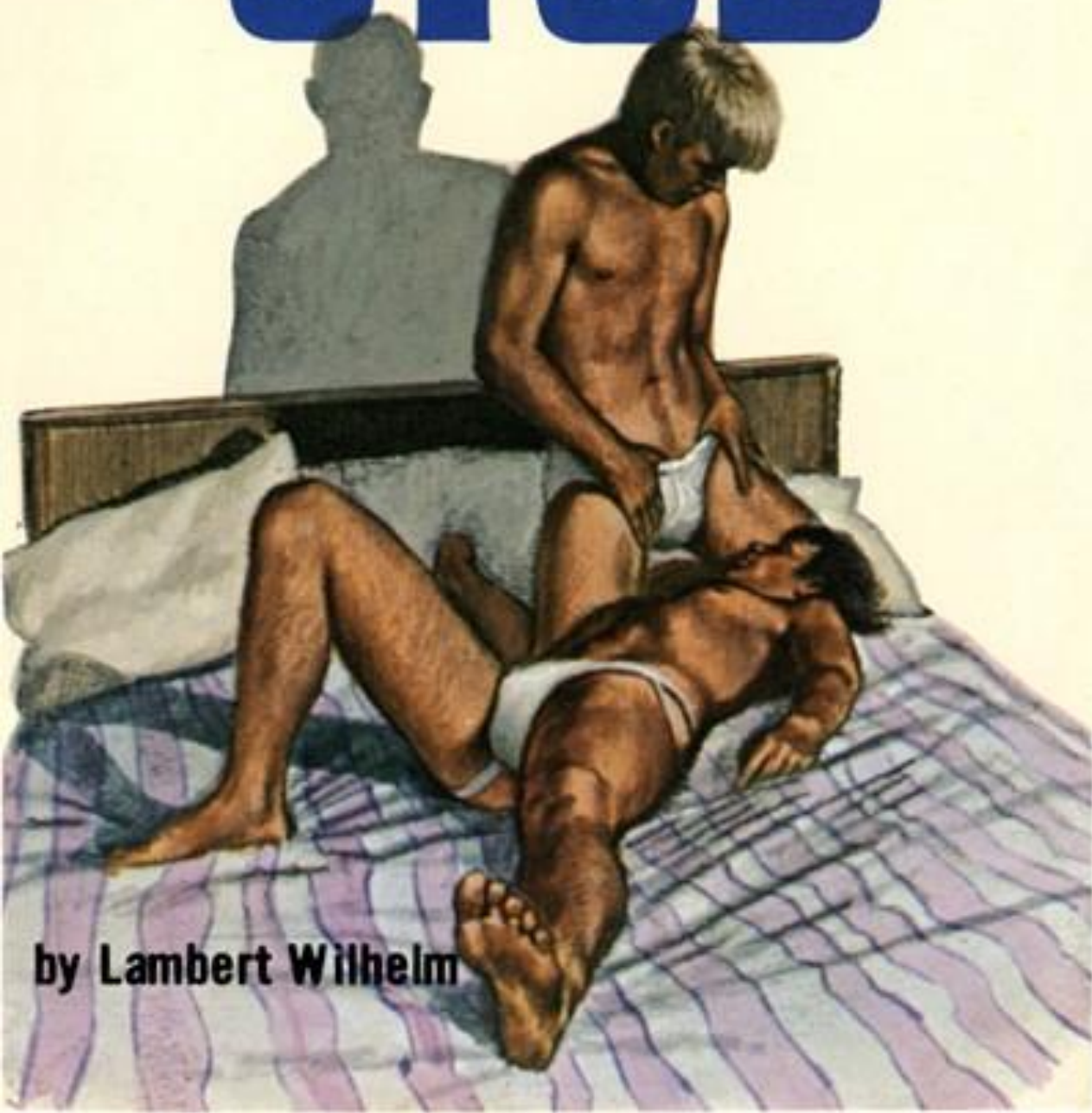




JOCK STUD



by Lambert Wilhelm

FOREWORD

It's been said that every person has some dark passion within his soul – some hidden secret, desire, or whim that may never surface to be seen by the closest confidante, or even recognized by the person himself. Such a secret can be evil and sinister, or it may be trivial and trite.

In America, such dark passions are easily submerged and hidden by the complexities of everyday living. Yet sometimes dark passions surface – and another Richard Speck or Charles Manson emerges. Sometimes such passions are exposed – and another Watergate or ITT affair hits the headlines.

JOCK STUD is a dramatic representation of a wealthy man whose secret passion for young boys and his own teenage son torment him, and of a eighteen-year-old slum kid whose practical wisdom goes far beyond his years. When the two of them meet, desires are laid bare, passions nakedly exposed, until both are set free of their own unique fears.

JOCK STUD – the story of a man who finds that the truth does indeed make him free. A novel of fiction for entertainment. A page of our restless society as food for serious thought.

The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

“Pull your fuckin’ pants down!” Greg ordered.

Jamie obliged. He didn’t remember when he’d ever seen his brother so angry. Maybe the time over on Lester Street. Greg had almost killed that punk from the Steel Chains. He’d done it with his fists, too. Pounded the poor sonofabitch into a bloody pulp so that the kid’s own mother couldn’t ever recognize him. But Greg wouldn’t hurt Jamie like that. That’s why he’d chosen this way. He was taking out his own frustrations by fucking Jamie. This was punishment only in Greg’s mind, not in Jamie’s. Jamie had learned long ago to look with pleasure on the run of his brother’s cock in and out of his asshole. Did Greg still think that the best way to punish was a fuck? What had supposed to be degrading had evolved from that into something else a long time ago.

“Bend over the Goddamn bed,” Greg said. He was undoing his belt, his fingers pausing to fondle the buckle. Slowly he pulled the leather strap free of the belt loops. He knew his brother wasn’t expecting this. Jamie was bent over the bed, his firm young ass ready for Greg’s cock, not for Greg’s belt. Greg had never hit him. Oh, he’d threatened many times, but he’d never done it. Even the next time he’d gotten furious, over that petty theft at Johnson’s Department Store, Greg had fucked because he wanted

to give a punishment that would leave no scars. Jamie had such a boyishly perfect body. It would have been a shame to mar it. A butt-fuck would have been enough. "See, you ain't a man just 'cause you swiped a coupla bicycle chains, you little bastard," Greg had said that first time. "What kinda man'd let himself get fucked like a woman?" There'd been no beating that time.

Greg hit the startlingly white ass, seeing the strip of blush form on the creamy flesh as quickly as the leather slipped away.

"Jesus, Greg!" Jamie said, his voice choked on the shock of the unexpected pain. He started to push off the bed, but Greg was on him, sitting on the boy's ass, clamping him between thighs, riding his brother's lower back like a rider on an animal. Greg's left hand clamped hard into Jamie's neck, holding the boy's face back on the bed.

"Didn't expect that, did you, you little cock-sucker?" Greg asked roughly. "That you could go out an' pull this one, an' your old brother wouldn't find out. And if he did, well, shit, what the fuck? Big brother never did nothin' any more than hop on for a quick fuck, get so carried away with screwin' he'd forget about any real punishment. You think I don't know you been startin' to enjoy gettin' cornholed? Well, by God, this's gonna be one ride your brother's gonna give you that neither one of us is gonna enjoy."

Jamie started to say something, but he groaned instead as Greg's right hand wielded the belt like a riding crop, down and back over the buns of his brother's ass.

"Hurt does it, you little thief?" Greg asked. He was starting to sweat. He had to wipe the beads of perspiration off his forehead with the back of his right hand. "Well, it's gonna hurt a fuckin' lot more before I'm finished with you."

Jamie could feel the resulting swells across his ass. There was a pulsing of his tender flesh, a throbbing warmth that was somehow beginning to give him a hard-on. His swelling cock was jabbing into the bedspread.

Greg hit his brother again, his whole body shuddering with the resounding slap of the leather against the flesh beneath him. Greg was disturbed that the sounds of the whipping weren't quelling his desires. He thought a beating would substitute for his need for sex, for the growing need he had long ago admitted to himself that he had for his brother's young body. Where sex had ceased being a disciplinary action, the whipping would now have to suffice. Or would it? Another whack of the belt against Jamie's butt, another feel of the resulting trembling of Jamie's body against his thighs, and Greg knew he was only getting himself hotter. His cock was hard in his pants, was getting harder. Jesus, he was horny! He felt guiltier than hell that this had become so much

of a turn-on. He should have known it would be this way. Since even before Jamie's sizable nuts had dropped, the boy's crotch sprouting its silver-blond hair, Greg had been excited by his brother. Greg wasn't the only one, but he'd made Jamie his own personal property. All those hot-ass blacks and Puerto Rican studs knew that if they tried anything funny with Jamie Bravo, they were going to get repercussions from the kid's older brother. And no one in his right mind wanted to get on the wrong side of Jamie Bravo's brother. Greg had been Lord of the King Knights when he was younger. After the syndicate had begun taking an interest in the neighborhood, Greg had graduated to big time in comparison to what he'd been before. Greg was the syndicate's local representative, and nothing happened in his neighborhood without being cleared through him – nothing!

Greg knew. God, yes, he knew. You usually only thought of the weak ones getting raped in jail. Well, that was a crock of shit! Greg hadn't been a feminine little faggot even back in those days. He'd fought. Christ, yes, he'd fought. Even a young, butch stud could only fight so much against those odds. The memory had stuck in Greg's mind. He could imagine Jamie's tight young ass being used as Greg's had once been: those blond buns being put at the disposal of every greasy, cheese-smelling cock that wanted to fuck it. Jamie had come so close, so fucking close!

"So close," Greg mumbled, as if Jamie had been

somehow eavesdropping on the silent conversation Greg had been having with himself. The additional fury spawned by that particular erotic vision made him lower the belt even harder the next time.

“Greg,” Jamie mumbled. His mouth was drooling into the blanket. His body was alive with conflicting emotions. There was the pain resulting from his beating, the hot sunbursting that had grown now to encompass his whole ass. There was the hurt of Greg’s claw like fingers still anchored into his neck. There was, however, the surprising presence of pleasure – that pleasure having completely hardened Jamie’s cock. His dick had leaked a mess of pre-seminal fluid that had soaked into the bedspread beneath the boy’s belly.

Greg hit Jamie again and then again, his cock swelling hugely in the folds of his pants. The cock was paining in its inability to complete its erection. Greg would have liked to adjust his rod, let it grow to its full stance, but he was afraid of the additional stimulation that would occur when his fingers moved his cock.

Jamie was crying. His tears streaked his face, ran over his cheeks. He could taste them on his tongue. His whole body jerked with each ensuing blow Greg delivered. His butt hurt. This was a totally new experience. It was strange, in that his torment was continually equalized by the pleasure.

Greg stopped suddenly, dropping the leather to the floor. The belt circled like a snake, the sound of its dropping loud against the hard floor. Sweat was rife on Greg's body. It had formed damp ring of darkness beneath his arms, a line down his back and down the front of his shirt. He felt the sting of the sweat in his eyes, the run of it along his neck and down his sides.

He stood, stepped back, saw for the first time the welting his beating had left on the creamy white surface of Jamie's ass. Greg actually wanted to cry at the damage he had done. He didn't; Greg hadn't cried for as long as he could remember.

Instead, he dropped to his knees, ran his hand gently over the ridges of discolored flesh. His fingertips detected the involuntary flinching of the skin beneath them. The skin was warm beneath his touch. He wondered if it would be equally warm against his mouth. He put his face to the ass, rubbing his cheeks gently against the blushed buns.

They were warm, so very warm.

Greg wanted suddenly to say he was sorry, but how could he? He'd never really hurt Jamie before, not even when he'd fucked him, but Jamie had to learn. He had to know that the consequences of what he'd done could have been far worse than they were. Jamie had probably seen it all as a fluke, a game to be

played where he could pick up a few extra bucks in the bargain. They'd taken guns with them. God, what would have happened if they'd killed someone? There would have been no saving any of them. Not even Greg's connections could have hushed it up. There would have been prison. Christ, but these little bastards had no conception about what went on behind those closed and barred gates. And if they could at least begin to imagine, they could somehow manage to visualize themselves simultaneously sacrosanct – untouchable by the law. How stupid. How very, very stupid. You either had to be very rich or very powerful to escape the law, and Greg and Jamie Bravo were neither.

Greg turned his lips into Jamie's butt, kissing the swaths of swollen skin, pretending that maybe his kissing would make the pain go away. At least none of the blows had broken the skin. There would probably be no marks remaining in a few days, no scars. Yet, for the minute, the welts looked ugly on the creamy flesh, and Greg doubted that there would be any immediate cure for them.

Greg put his hands to each bun, moving them apart and thrusting his face into the crease of his brother's ass. The slopes of the butt had become sweaty during the beating. Greg licked, tasting the saltiness. God, it was luscious having his face buried against this ass! The butt was so well-shaped, so firm, so young, so pale and crisscrossed with lines of redness. Greg

tried to stop himself from going further, but he couldn't.

He'd never been able to stop himself as far as Jamie's ass was concerned.

Jamie, beautiful Jamie – so blond, so hung, so good-looking. Almost before Greg had known what sex was about, he had had the hots for his brother. The very first girl he had screwed, he had imagined was Jamie, little Jamie who was then so far from even reaching puberty. Greg's imagining had made sex so much better, Jamie's ass seeming so much more exciting than that girl's wet hole. No matter who Greg had had sex with, after that first time, it was always Jamie he was making love to in his mind. It was always Jamie's legs that were opened for him, Jamie's asshole that was taking his cock, Jamie's mouth that was crying out those grunts of passion.

Greg's nose found the pucker of Jamie's bung within the valley of his buttcheeks. He sniffed, smelling the aromas. He loved them, was hungry for them, sometimes found himself dreaming of them. They were always the same, yet somehow different. Now they were stronger, mustier, smelling of sweat and young male ass. At other times, they smelled of pine-scented soap, especially after Jamie had showered.

The smells had their accompanying tastes. The sweat was always salty on the tongue,

combining with harsher, tannic-like flavors as Greg probed the asshole itself. There were smells and tastes Greg couldn't define, couldn't put words to. They were indicative only of Jamie's ass, and Greg had never found anything to duplicate the effect they had upon him.

The throbbing in Jamie's ass had not ceased with the ending of the whipping. Hot flashes warmed the beaten butt, washed over it, flared higher when Greg's hands, lips, or tongue touched pieces of the molested flesh. Still, Jamie had a hard-on. He had a stiff dick, and he was horny. He knew Greg was horny, too. He knew that Greg would now end up kicking him. The spanking with the belt had been no substitute for the fuck, even if it had been meant originally to supplant it. The beating had been merely a preliminary. And Jamie somehow found this new aspect sexually exciting. He could hardly wait for Greg's rolled tongue to jab up his butt, work there for a while and then be followed by the bigger bulk of Greg's cock. Even though the whipping had hurt, still hurt, would continue to hurt after the pleasure of the fucking was long gone, Jamie knew that it was responsible for the increased level of his excitement.

Greg rolled his tongue, his hands pushing the butt crease wider as his tongue touched the pucker and pushed to penetrate it. His wet tongue drove inside the bung easily, tasting, savoring those tastes as it went.

Greg's bout of punishing was over. He knew what he was moving on to now wouldn't be a form of chastisement. His fucks had begun as such years ago. Remembering how humiliated he'd been when he'd first had his ass fucked, Greg had naturally picked such a fuck for Jamie as the ultimate punishment he could think of for the boy – in the beginning. However, it had gravitated into something more as time went on, something Greg found himself utilizing more and more – not because it was a punishment any longer, but because he had come to enjoy it, and, what's more, he sensed correctly that Jamie enjoyed it, too. Greg still used punishment as an excuse for a screwing, but the seriousness of those crimes warranting a fuck had long become of less degree than had been the original that began it all. That was why there had to be something more than just the fuck this time. The fuck itself was no longer punishment, could have no way masqueraded as such. There had to be something more this time. This hadn't been petty theft of bicycle chains, but grand larceny.

Greg continued to lick Jamie's ass, eating out the bung until all the flavors there were muted to a blandness on Greg's tongue. Greg was still angry, but most of his vehemence had been worked out of him by the whipping of Jamie's ass.

Greg injected a mess of saliva through the roll formed by his tongue. He sopped the asshole, messing the brown pucker in preparation for the

fuck to follow. Greg then reared back on his knees, quickly undoing the fly of his trousers. He fished inside, into the breach of his underwear, hooking the neck of his cock. It was hard. Jesus, was his prick hard. He pulled, and his cock was so stiff that it only reluctantly came free. When it did, it was a jutting of hard male meat that stabbed upward along the young man's shirt to a point that corresponded roughly to the position of the belly button hidden beneath it. Another reach into the fly brought out a pair of healthy balls. They dropped downward in the flaccid flesh of their sac.

Greg had a more than respectable cock. It wasn't huge to the point of grotesqueness, but it was certainly a piece of meat any man would have been proud to have for his own. It was a good eight inches from its knotted root to its capping knob. It was circumcised, a band of scar tissue turtle necking the naked mushrooming of the rosy summit. The cum-slit was a deep one, pouting as it perfectly centered the pulpy knob. The cock wasn't perfectly cylindrical, but tended to be wider across its belly and back. It didn't erect in a perfectly straight line, either, but bowed outward at its middle, the cockhead arching backward into Greg's belly. Its root sat surrounded by a bushing of thick, dark crotch hair.

Greg wrapped his hand around the neck of his cock, milking it for its juices, spreading the resulting ooze over the cockhead and shaft.

Jamie waited, anticipating what was about to come. He wanted Greg's cock. If he'd wanted it in the beginning, he wanted it even more now that his ass was still tingling from its beating. Jamie's cock was hard, God awful hard. Did Greg know? Could Greg see how hard his prick was?

Greg hadn't yet noticed. He probably couldn't have imagined his beating as having given Jamie anything but pain. How could Greg have begun to imagine that the clash of leather against flesh could have been just as much a stimulant for Jamie's pleasures as it had been for his own?

Jamie kept his face buried in his arms. He didn't look back at Greg, didn't want to do anything that might make Greg suddenly stop. Had Greg stopped now, gone no further, left without fucking, that would have been a worse punishment for Jamie than the actual beating of his ass had been. Jamie was hot for his brother's fat cock. Without actually seeing Greg do it, Jamie could still picture how it was, how Greg's cock and balls were sticking free of the gap in the young man's fly. Jamie could remember how excited he'd been when he'd first seen that cock and those balls.

Greg used his left hand to pry open the crack, locating Jamie's asshole once more, his right hand pulling his cock downward into position. He came forward, preparing to fuck his brother

dog-style. It had always been dog-style. Initially it had been that way to add to the humiliation; now it had merely become a habit. It was a good way to fuck. Greg could imagine the agony of his brother's face that first time so long ago, when, even then, there had only been evidence of pleasure registered instead. There had also, originally, seemed something more degrading in fucking a man as if he were an animal. Greg had been fucked that way, held over the edge of a prison cot while his ass was filled with cock after cock after cock...

Greg pushed for his entrance, actually trembling as the asshole opened to accept his rosy knob and a couple inches of cockshaft. He was always surprised by how tight the asshole was, how it hugged closely to his entering cock, the sphincter a vise that threatened to gum his cock- head off its shaft.

Jamie wiggled his butt. He couldn't help it, he just did. He wanted more of his brother's cock up his asshole. He wanted his butt to gobble up that fat cock to its balls. He was hornier than he'd ever been in his life. The beating of his ass had somehow made him that way. Not even Jamie realized how fucking turned-on he was until he felt the initial insertion of Greg's cock up his tight bung. Now, he really wanted it. He wanted it fast and furious. He wanted that prick bucking over his prostate, penetrating through his ass, through his belly, shoved in so deeply he could even feel it in the base of his throat.

“Fuck me, bastard!” Jamie groaned as his own bouncing ass managed to slip itself another couple of inches over Greg’s cock. His words surprised both him and Greg. It was the first time he’d said anything to indicate he was looking forward to a screw. It suddenly removed all pretense that this ritual was one of torture or punishment. Jamie wanted to get fucked; he wasn’t being forced into it because of something he’d done. He wanted his butt plugged with cock. He wanted his ass stuffed with cock. He wanted his bowels overflowing with cock. He wanted it all. He wanted it now.

Jamie’s words excited Greg. He should have pulled out of his brother’s ass right then. He should have yanked his cock free and stuffed it back into his pants and left the room now that the illusion was completely shattered. But hadn’t it really been unofficially shattered long before Jamie had screamed for Greg to fuck him? Hadn’t it actually been the fact that Greg knew the fuck was no longer a punishment that had forced him into the beating to begin with? And if he’d known that, had actually long known it, then why had he continued to perform the ritual and cornhole his young brother? Why had he now, the whipping completed, moved on to the fuck? Why? Because his body called out for a fuck. The sound of leather against bare butt had been its own stimulant, its own aphrodisiac. Greg wanted to fuck Jamie for the same reasons that he had always wanted to fuck him – for the gut- shattering ecstasy to be had from

blasting his fat, stud prick up young, male ass. Only now they both admitted to each other that they knew what they were about. The masquerade had been completely ripped away. Oh, yes, they would fuck. They were too far into it for either of them to abort, but this time they would be fucking for no sham reasons. The punishment for the crime had already been administered. This, then, was something else entirely.

Greg shoved again, his cock gliding in, his balls swinging to bang Jamie's ass, his belly against the buns. Greg leaned over Jamie's body, molding to him. His prick was in, in all the way. It was heaven. Jesus, it was heaven.

"Oh, Christ, Jamie," Greg said, his voice coming low and muffled with his pleasure. How had the two managed to arrive at this moment? Why had it seemingly taken such a stupid move on Jamie's part to bring them to this point in their mutual realization? Greg loved his brother. Loved him more than fraternal love. Loved him as passionately as any man could love a woman. He'd known that when they'd told him of the robbery, of Jamie's involvement in it. Greg had tasted his fear then, the fear of losing his brother, the fear they would arrest him, put him in jail. Greg loved Jamie too much to see him go there. He'd acted. He'd had the robbery covered. He'd pulled strings.

"I want you," Jamie said, his butt sore where

Greg's pants were chafing against it. "God, I want you."

Greg put his hands on the boy's shirt-covered chest. He could feel the buds of taut nipples even beneath the covering material. He tentatively dropped his hands lower, moving onto the boy's belly. He did so slowly, even nervously, because he was about to do something he hadn't done before during all of his previous fucks of Jamie. But, God, had he wanted to! He was going to take hold of Jamie's cock, service it with his hand even as his cock was servicing Jamie's ass. Before, Greg couldn't have touched it. Touching Jamie's dick wouldn't have been part of the act they were both playing. But they'd now discarded the acting, hadn't they, discarded it like a butterfly sheds its useless chrysalis. It was all out in the open this time, and there was nothing to hold Greg back. Greg wanted the feel of that cock against his fingers, and now it could and would be his.

Greg found the cock, the feel of it velvety against his hand. The cock was hard. How many other times had Jamie's cock been hard while Greg fucked him, hard without Greg's having known about it? Jesus, they'd wasted so much time in coming to this point, so much fucking time.

Jamie had felt Greg's hand moving down his chest, his belly, even farther. He couldn't hope,

could he? He couldn't actually believe that Greg was going to grab his cock until his cock was grabbed, and then, Jamie felt the thrill rolling from one inch of his being to the next. How many nights had he dreamed it would be like this? How many times, when being fucked, had he actually shut his eyes and imagined his brother's hand where it was now? Many times. Jesus, God, it had been an uncountable amount of times. And now that it was happening, Jamie was afraid he was going to cream before any of it had time to go a second further. There was a sunburst of pleasure from his groin and into his belly. Jamie fought to calm it.

Greg intuitively sensed what was happening and automatically withdrew his fingers – not for long, but only until Jamie's trembling ceased beneath him. Then Greg quickly reclaimed the dick, stroking it, drawing its loose outer folds of velvety skin back and forth over the more solid inner core. It was almost as if he were jacking off his own dick, crouched as he was over Jamie's body, and, in a way, he was beating his own meat, wasn't he? They were brothers, weren't they? They were the same flesh, the same blood, from the same cum, manufactured in the same set of balls. So how had one popped out so dark-complexioned, the other so beautifully blond?

Jamie's possible premature climax had faded quickly. When Greg's fingers had again clamped around the shaft of Jamie's prick, beginning to draw the skin of it back and forth, Jamie knew

he would be able to go longer than a few seconds until his eruption. Jamie was happy. What a waste had he blasted his seed into Greg's hands without any further lead-in.

Greg fucked – fucked his cock up Jamie's ass, fucked his hand back and forth along the enormous girth of Jamie's cock. His fingers on the cock were making long, slow, easy slides – the kind Greg liked when he had his own dick and balls propped up over the edge of the sink, his fist pumping his cock for a come. His gripping slid along the cock from its head to its root and then back again. There was a simultaneous plugging of Jamie's butt by Greg's dong, followed by a withdrawal of most of those cock-inches from the tight bung.

Jamie revolved his ass, sensuously stirring the entering and exiting cock up his butt. He and his brother moved quickly to achieve an easy fucking rhythm. Greg's cock glided smoothly in and out, that mass riding along on a lining sopped with spit and leaked pre-cum. Within his fingers, Greg felt the warm stickiness of the natural lubricant being leaked copiously from the pouting cum-slit that cleaved Jamie's cockhead.

Time passed, the fucking and the masturbating cadences increasing in their momentum. Greg's hips had a new force as they battered his lower belly violently into Jamie's welted ass. The cock was pushed and pulled up the asshole, Greg's nuts smashing with painful pleasure into Jamie's

butt. The sphincter of Jamie's ass continued to gum, concaving as the cock slipped in, convexing as the cock slipped out. The walls of the boy's ass collapsed against the cock as it entered, collapsed into a further smallness into the void left by the exiting rod. The ride of flesh against flesh caused a building of heat. There was a fire up Jamie's ass.

"Harder!" Jamie pleaded. "Fuck me harder!" Again Greg pushed to bury his cock balls deep up the contracting asshole. The head of his cock banged into Jamie's prostate, deflected, plowed deeper into the bowel. It was followed by inch after inch of cockshaft. There was a short pause while the cock came to a complete stop up the asshole; then, it was in motion again. This time it was the shaft of the cock which was followed by the knob as the big rod pulled out of the asshole.

Greg, realizing his moment wasn't all that far off, began jacking off Jamie's cock with an even faster rhythm than he was fucking his butt. Greg wanted Jamie to come, wanted the feel of Jamie's young jizz webbing his hand.

"Easy," Jamie whispered, speaking into his forearm which was sopped with spit. "I'm close, big brother. I'm fucking close."

Which was fine with Greg. Greg confidentially couldn't imagine anyone being any closer to an orgasm than he was. Even before Jamie's plea

had left the boy's mouth, it was Greg who felt the tremors beginning to herald the end. Greg's muscles began to go stiff, his chest began to

heave with his panting, his hips began to go wild in their bucking.

One last time, Greg's cock buried up Jamie's ass, staying there while the walls of Jamie's ass vibrated around it.

"Oh... fuck!" Greg grunted between gritted teeth. And then his nuts let go.

The load of wet sperm sprang free of the suffocated cock, basting Jamie's prostate with a deluge of scalding fuck cream. It was the trigger that sent Jamie off the deep end. The younger boy trembled, shook, squealed out his delight as Greg's pumping fingers smeared his cock with his own erupted cum.

The two were consumed in the ecstasy of the moment, lost in a world that consisted only of their two interlocked bodies. Wad after wad of hot jizz blasted from each pouting meatus. The spunk up Jamie's butt flooded back over the plugging meat of Greg's cock and drooled from his asshole.

When it was over, the two were exhausted. Never had their mating been such a mutual releasing of pent-up passions. They both breathed heavily, almost gasping as their lungs

fought for air.

Finally Greg pulled himself free. His exiting cock brought with it a mess of spent cum that trickled with other excess juices down the crease of Jamie's ass. Greg got to his feet, feeling his legs weak. He looked down at the body he'd just filled with his spunk. Jamie looked so helpless and vulnerable that Greg felt a tightening in his own throat. His hands moved automatically to stuff his cock back into his pants and to fasten up his fly to conceal it. He stepped back a couple of feet and dropped into a chair.

With the passion of the sex over, the pain of the whipping was again evident within Jamie's body. As the boy tried to get up, his tortured ass was fiddled with the ache of bruised flesh. He got slowly to his feet, feeling the ooze of his brother's cum dribbling down the inside of his thighs. He reached down for his pants and pulled them upward over his leg and thighs. The material of his trousers was harsh against his butt as he slid it up around his buns. The boy grimaced with the renewed pain. He pushed his cock back behind his trouser fly and buttoned up his pants. His legs were stiff as he turned to face his brother. His ass felt as if it had been cooked slowly over a hot fire and was now beginning to crack in a releasing of liquid, fatty juices.

"Why, Jamie... why?" Greg asked, his head buried in his hands.

“Why not?” Jamie asked, thinking his brother had been making reference to their sex. “I ain’t gonna get pregnant.”

“Oh, Christ, not the fuck,” Greg said, looking up at his brother, his face registering a genuine anguish and concern. “Why the robbery?”

Jamie shrugged. “I was bored,” he said. “I was fuckin’ bored, and it sounded like something different to do. And it was.”

“You’re too young to be runnin’ around with tat group of bums,” Greg said.

“When you were my age, you were doin’ the same thing.”

“Well, I don’t want what I had for you,” Greg said. “I damn well want it a little better for my brother.”

“There ain’t no better things for us,” Jamie said, far older than his actual eighteen years. “People like you ‘n me are stuck in this fuckin’ hole for the rest of our lives, and there ain’t no way we’re ever gonna get out.”

“You know Davis Carthy had a piece with him this afternoon when he went into that grocery store?” Greg asked.

There was a short pause, and then Jamie

decided upon telling the truth. Why not tell the truth? If there wasn't that much between him and his older brother, it would have made their sex somehow less meaningful than it really was.

"Yeah, I knew," Jamie said.

It was at that moment Greg knew he had to do something about his younger brother, and do it pretty damned fast.

CHAPTER TWO

“You told him, didn’t you?” Jamie asked, stripping off the elastic cupping of the jockstrap which had been pressed tightly about his cock and balls.

“Me?” Blane Tanners asked, his voice muffled within the T-shirt he was dragging over his head at the moment. “That what the rumor is out on the street?”

“Hell, no, that ain’t the rumor out on the street,” Jamie said, adding his damp athletic supporter to the pile of gym clothes on the bench beside him. “There ain’t no rumor out on the street, and that’s damned funny.”

“Why blame it on me?” Blane asked, smiling. He was a handsomely attractive stud in his late twenties. He had black hair that was tousled and thick, black eyes set beneath thick lashes and brows, a nose which had been broken twice in street fights but didn’t show it, a mouth that was pouty and sensuous, a square jaw and deeply clefted chin. “You never told me anything ‘bout a planned robbery.”

“I didn’t hafta tell you,” Jamie said, his hand gently shaking his cock and balls to evaporate the sweat that had made his snaking cock stick

to his heavy scrotum. "You got enough contacts on the street without hearing nothin' from me."

"Me? Have contacts?" Blane asked giving a little laugh and dropping his gym shorts and jockstrap down around his hips in one fluid movement. "I just run a recreation center for you poor slum kids."

"Bullshit!" Jamie said, sitting stark naked on the bench, eyeing the equally naked man who stood before him.

Blane bent down and picked up his shorts and jockstrap, adding both of them to his own pile of clothing. He leaned his ass back into the coolness of the nearest metal locker and folded muscular arms over his equally muscular and hairy chest.

"Even if I wasn't the one, I'm fuckin' glad someone did it," Blane said. "You were all a bunch of Goddamned idiots. I wasn't gonna bring any of this up till you did, but you all deserved to get your butts spanked royal."

Jamie couldn't help smiling at that. Not only were Blane and Greg very good friends, but their minds had a way of running along the same track.

"Go ahead 'n smile," Blane said, misinterpreting Jamie's thoughts, "but if things had worked out different, you'd be smilin' out of

the other side of your mouth now.”

“You sound like my brother,” Jamie said. Blane even looked like Greg in many ways – the same dark complexion, dark eyes, rugged good looks. They’d been inseparable in their younger days – Blane and Greg. Together they had ruled the neighborhood turf. In a way, they were still both part of the ruling hierarchy.

“You damn well oughta listen to one of us,” Blane said.

“You and my brother ever make it together?” Jamie asked suddenly, standing at the same time to head for the shower. “The rumor is, the two of you had a real hot affair goin’ once.”

“What else the rumors say?”

“My brother had a bad time in prison that time they pulled him in after those gang wars. They say you brought him outta it.”

“Greg never needed anybody’s help,” Blane said. “Not even mine. He could always take care of himself. That’s a helluva lot more ‘n I can say for his brother.”

“I can take care of myself,” Jamie said, dragging a towel free of the opened locker door over which he’d previously draped it. Jamie entered the shower room and stepped beneath a nozzle

that cut him off from Blane, who had remained temporarily in the other room. Jamie threw his towel over a pipe where it would be kept out of the line of spray. He turned on the water. The first rush of it was cold, hitting Jamie before the boy could successfully jump out of the way. Before Jamie had finished adjusting the water to his satisfaction, Blane had joined him in the shower room.

Blane, a towel hung around his neck, assumed a pose similar to the one he'd had before Jamie had deserted him minutes before. He leaned into the cool tile, folding his arms and watching.

Blane wanted a serious talk with this young boy of whom he thought so much. He wanted to really take hold of Jamie and shake the shit out of him and some sense into him. Instead, the only things he let touch the boy were his eyes. It was always a pleasure to look at the naked perfection of Jamie's body.

Jamie stepped into the flush of water, letting it wet his platinum-blond hair. The thick hair turned slowly wet to frame the handsomely boyish face.

Jamie was attractive. There would have been few people, even taking into account the various tastes of the whole, who would have contradicted the statement that Jamie was a good-looker. He had those all-American, boy-next-door looks that were epitomized by

models in advertisements but which existed so seldom in reality. His hair was so blond it was almost white, and it would have looked right at home on an albino. Jamie, however, was not albino, his complexion being of the peaches-and-cream variety that still managed to tan naturally. The boy's skin had a bronzed tint, even though he spent all his time on city streets which seldom got a ray of sun that hadn't first been filtered through layer after layer of soot and smog. His eyes were green, his lashes and brows of a blond coloring that was at least two shades darker than the hair on his head, the effect being attractive in that it avoided the impression made by so many natural blonds that he had neither brows nor lashes. His left cheek was dimpled, his chin clefted, neither deeply. His mouth was fully-lipped and sensuous. The whole combination of facial features in no way relayed an impression of femininity. Jamie pretended to ignore Blane, although it was hard for him to do. Blane's adult body was a maze of muscle that domed his chest into two matched pectorals and scalloped his belly with taut ridges that washed boarded the abdominal surface. And below all that evidence of male animal was a wrist-thick drooping of cock that would have quickly told anyone that Blane was certainly a lot of man.

Jamie reached for the bar of soap in the niche of the tile and began to soap down his body. The boy's physique certainly wasn't filled out with the more abundant adult muscles of Blane's body, but it was well-sculptured in its own way

nevertheless. It was smooth and almost hairless all the way from face to toes, with the exception of the blond strands that clustered at his crotch and beneath the boy's arms. There was a muscular definition that managed to indicate where pectorals would one day develop into swollen mounds of muscle, but the chest was, besides that, boyishly undeveloped. Jamie's belly was flat and faintly concaved between his hipbones. His legs were long and well-formed. His arms were swimmer's arms – not bulged with muscle any more than the rest of the body, but definitely not skinny. And if Jamie's total good looks weren't enough, he had the added advantage of having a decidedly male cock on his young man's body. The cock hadn't been any longer than other boys' in the beginning, but, with the advent of puberty, all of that had quickly changed. Balls had dropped, and his prick had virtually exploded. What had been normal for a prepubescent youth had become a giant cock for a youthful adolescent almost overnight.

Jamie turned his back to the spray, taking hold of his cock with his soap-slicked fingers to wash it.

"Next time it's not gonna be as easy to get you all outta a mess like this time," Blane said. One hand held to each side of the towel draped around his neck. "If it wasn't for a favor somebody owed your brother, nothing woulda saved any of you punks. Doesn't any of that sink in just a little?"

“You know what sinks in?” Jamie asked, his hands sliding over the snake of his cock, over the bulbous bulk of his balls. “It sinks in that both you ‘n my brother are fuckin’ hypocrites, telling me to stay home ‘n stick my thumbs up my ass for fun while you two was out at my age muggin’ old ladies.”

“I never mugged an old lady,” Blane said in all seriousness.

“Shit, you know what I mean.”

Jamie turned his front into the water, letting the run of the liquid wash away the soap. He then began to lather up again.

“I know what it was like when Greg and I were kids,” Blane said. “But things should change for the better, shouldn’t they? I mean, it shouldn’t just hafta be a repeat of the same old things over and over and over, year after year after year, should it?”

“That why you came back here?” Jamie asked. “I mean, after you got that college scholarship ‘n got all educated, we thought you’d split for good.”

“I like kids,” Blane said.

“Yeah, I know,” Jamie said, a leer in his voice. He cupped his right hand beneath his cock and his balls, thrusting his genitals forward. He gave

Blane a wink.

“Can’t you ever be serious?” Blane asked.

“I’m tired of everyone bein’ serious,” Jamie said. “You’re serious, my brother’s serious, my mother was serious, my father was serious. Shit, can’t there ever be a little fun outta life?”

“You call fun bein’ put in jail so a bunch of badasseds blacks and Puerto Rican studs can rape your young ass?”

“I’m tired of hearin’ all those horror stories, too. Least that’d be somethin’ different.”

“You damn well won’t think so if it ever happens to you,” Blane promised. “Sometimes, once they get started, those guys don’t stop. Once you’ve gotten through the line, the first guys’re all hot an’ horny to start again. You know how long a good-looking kid like you’d last in the slammer? You could count the minutes on the finger of one hand.”

“I can take care of myself,” Jamie said. “You don’t grow up in a shithole neighborhood like this without knowin’ how to handle yourself.”

“You’d have been raped here long ago if it wasn’t for your big brother,” Blane said. “Take it from me, baby.”

“Who’d wanta rape me!” Jamie said, giving a nervous little laugh. “All they gotta do is ask for my butt, an’ it’s theirs. You didn’t havta fight me to the floor for that first fuck... remember?”

“I’d like to think I was a little bit different from the typical queer on the streets,” Blane said.

“Oh, Christ!” Jamie said, turning his back to begin soaping more of his chest, his belly, his cock and thighs. Blane was special. Blane was special, and Greg was special. And Jamie knew they had both been concerned about him and what he’d done. He pretended to be smug only because he was ashamed that he’d been involved, that those other kids had sucked him into their little games. He was embarrassed that his big brother had been forced to come to his rescue again. Jamie knew what happened to young kids who got taken away to jail even overnight, and he could feel the gut-twisting nearness of its having happened to him. Kids less attractive than Jamie had come back hardly able to walk, making vows they would die first before they spent another night in those sexual hellholes. There’d been a kid over on Lester Street. Jamie had seen him a few times. He’d got picked up for shooting horse. He’d gone to jail and died there. The police had said he’d O.D.’d, but rumor had gotten out that he’d refused to be fucked and had gotten beaten to death. He shouldn’t have bothered fighting. He only ended up dead, and he got fucked in the end midway.

“Listen, Jamie,” Blane said. He’d left the wall

and had walked over to the boy in the shower. He put his hand on Jamie's shoulders but didn't try to turn the boy to him. "Some people do get out of here. You can be one of them. Maybe that swimmin' scholarship we talked about. Maybe it'll be something else, but Greg and I'll make sure you get out. Just don't screw it up before we can find the strings to pull to do it."

"You're gonna get me out like you got out?" Jamie asked facetiously. "What good did that fancy college education do you? You ain't nowhere except right back where you started. Here you are, runnin' a run-down recreation center for juvies who could give a shit. You call that out?"

"This is what I do best," Blane said. "Or it's what I like to think I do best. Once you get out, you won't have to come back like I did."

"Sometimes I don't think there's a way outta here," Jamie said, "an' that scares me, you know? 'Cause, it's all so fuckin' dirty here... it ain't just the streets or the buildings that look like shit, but the people. They're dirty on the outside, an' they're dirty on the inside."

"You'll get out, I promise you," Blane said.

Jamie turned to face Blane, the boy's blond body glossed from the water.

“Why’d you come back here?” Jamie asked.

“People were here that I cared for,” Blane answered. “What’s life, even life out there, without the ones you really care about?”

“You still love him, don’t you?” Jamie asked, knowing now what he had always known.

“Who can say?” Blane shrugged. “Love is so many things to so many different people.”

“An’ you knew he’d never leave, an’ so you gave up all that to come back to this shithole.”

“Your brother and I shared some good and some bad times together,” Blane said. “Bonds are sometimes made from less. Who can say it’s love or somethin’ even more than that?”

“Greg’ll never get outta here,” Jamie said. “The syndicate owns his ass, but good.”

“Without those syndicate connections, you’d be in jail now,” Blane reminded.

“I remind you of Greg?” Jamie asked finally. On the surface, it would have seemed a ridiculous question: Greg was dark, Jamie was blond; Greg was all adult muscle, Jamie was all boyish liteness. But there was more to a similarity than just physical characteristics. Jamie’s mother

had more than once told Jamie he was beginning to act more and more like his older brother.

“You asking if I have sex with you because you recall childhood memories?” Blane asked, because the answer to that was probably a yes, even though, Blane would have probably never admitted it to anyone, including himself. “If you are, the answer’s no. I have sex with you because you’re Jamie Bravo, not just your brother’s duplicate. You’re a young, good-looking stud that can get me hotter than hell any day of the week by just standing in front of me. Take a look down there between our bellies and tell me what you see sprouting to life. It’s not Greg Bravo’s brother that’s doing that to me. It’s a young, blond stud who has got more going for him than he could ever imagine.”

“You gotta help me get out, Blane,” Jamie said, some of the actual fears finally beginning to show through in his voice. “I get dreams I’ll end up here forever.”

“I will,” Blane said. “I will, stud. I will.”

Blane took Jamie in his arms, and the boy came more than willingly, meshing his body with Blane’s as the water washed over them. Against his own comparatively hairless body, Jamie could feel the curling hair that matted Blane’s chest, belly, and legs. Jamie pressed his cheeks into Blane’s chest, raised his face as Blane bent

to take Jamie's lips against his own. Their spit was warm, mingling with the water that cascaded over them.

"There's a better way to prove you're a man than robbing grocery stores," Blane said when the kiss was broken, his belly feeling the hardness of Jamie's cock jabbed against it. "You want to feel like a stud, you come to me."

"I wanta fuck you," Jamie said, his cock thumping a tattoo against the hardness of Blane's belly.

"Do you now?" Blane asked, his hands running the length of Jamie's spine, cupping the boy's buns in the squeeze of his large fingers. "Does a punk your age know anything at all about fuckin' a man?"

"Try me."

"On for size?" Blane asked, one of his hands passing around Jamie's hip and grabbing the boy's cock. "You think something this big's gonna fit up my tight little asshole?"

"It won't be a trip it ain't made before... right, man?"

"No, I guess not," Blane grinned, giving Jamie's cock a few playful strokes. Blane turned in Jamie's arms and stepped out of the spray so

that the soap soon to be slicked into the crease of his ass wouldn't be quickly washed away. He bent from the waist, his hands on his thighs, offering up his ass to Jamie's will.

Where one would have expected patches of hair on Blane's back – after seeing the hirsute conditions on the front of his body – Blane's back and shoulders were completely hairless. The ripple of muscles was evident beneath naked skin. The spine made a trailing indent that was muted as it reached the lower back and the swelling of the man's ass. Hair began again on Blane's butt, silky strands of it that traveled along the inside of the buns and ran along the crease to blossom over the back of the man's muscular thighs.

Jamie knew what to do, and it wasn't just because he'd followed his brother's movements as Greg had prepared to fuck him. Jamie's initiation into male-male sex had not come from his brother. Jamie had fucked and been fucked shortly after his balls had dropped. He'd known the score long before Greg had decided to use a butt-fuck as some kind of punishment form. For someone who had always enjoyed the feel of a man's cock up his asshole – having never endured the humiliation of a gang rape – Jamie had thought Greg's choice of chastisement a little strange, but he wouldn't have let on for the world. If Greg had early lusted after his brother's body, the feeling had early been mutually reciprocal.

Jamie's body might have been off limits because of Greg's ultimatums on the street, but when Jamie took the initiative, there had been few men who could resist the opportunity for sex with him. At eighteen, Jamie was not as ignorant about sex as Greg might have believed. You didn't live on the streets as Jamie had done and maintain your innocence for long.

Jamie liked the feel of Blane's ass beneath his fingers as he soaped the cleavage formed by the twin buns. Blane had the feel of a man about him. Blane was a man and not a boy. So much of Jamie's male-male sex had been with kids as ignorant as he was. Blane, however, hadn't been ignorant. He'd come into Jamie's body with a world of sexual experiences behind him.

If Blane had been originally attracted to Jamie because he saw in the boy just a passing glimpse of Greg's personality, then Jamie had been attracted originally to Blane because the boy suspected Blane and Greg had once fucked up a storm together. Jamie had early determined to find out what was so special about the man who had managed to have sex with Greg even after Greg had supposedly undergone the traumas of rape in a jail cell. It must have taken quite a man to get Greg over enough of his hang-ups so that he could actually go to bed with another man and enjoy the sex he found there. And, as Jamie had found out, Blane was quite a man.

Jamie's fingers lovingly worked the crack between the swells of the buttcheeks, his soapy fuck-finger locating the pucker and playfully prodding the bung. The boy's cock was hard and ready, made more ready when, satisfied with the lubricant on Blane's butt, Jamie returned his attention to lubricating his own cock.

"About ready, stud?" Blane asked, turning his head to look behind him and getting a quick glimpse of the lathered cock Jamie had ready for him.

"Shit, yes," Jamie said, stepping forward and using his left hand to part the asscheeks as his right hand guided his swollen cock to Blane's puckered bung.

Jamie pushed, and, for a quick instant, Blane thought someone was trying to fist-fuck him without first going through the finger-by-finger preparation. His brownie concaved with the exerted pressure, yawned finally wide enough to accept the bulbous knob. The fisted mass pushed inside, the mouth of the asshole slipping to tightly gum the shaft of the dick. What had seemed like a clenched fist even before entry, now seemed even more like one lodged as it was up Blane's butt.

"Anyone ever tell you it's damned obscene for a eighteen-year-old-punk to have an elephant's cock?" Blane asked, his voice a bit breathless.

“You for one,” Jamie answered, shoving to slid his cockhead deeper and plow in a couple of healthy cock-inches behind it.

“Jeeeeesssusss,” Blane hissed. “Careful you don’t split my ass at my age.”

“Don’t worry,” Jamie said, driving more of his cock home. “You could prob’ly take an elephant cock easy.” After the initial shock of his hung accepting the cockhead, Blane’s ass muscles quickly adjusted not only to that bulk but to the rest to follow. Blane mentally willed his butt to relax, and it did so. He’d been fucked enough times in his butch young life that his body knew what was required of it in order to get the most out of any screw.

Jamie put one hand to each of Blane’s hips, using his hold to keep the man’s body relatively static while his pelvis bucked to drive his cock in to the root up Blane’s butt. Jamie’s sizable balls flopped against Blane’s ass, the resulting ache a supplement to the pleasures spawned by the insertion of his cock up the tight asshole.

Once Jamie’s cock was completely inside, Blane unbent, coming again to a standing position. Against his back, Blane could feel the smooth-ness of Jamie’s chest, the hard buttons that were Jamie’s nipples. His arms at his sides, Blane brought his hands back along his and Jamie’s thighs, reaching behind them so that his fingers were able to take hold of

Jamie's young ass. Blane pulled the boy closer into his body, jiggling his butt to a tighter fit into Jamie's lap.

"I can feel your prick inside me, stud," Blane said, acutely aware of the press of the fat cock against his prostate. "It's in real deep."

Jamie, a bar of soap in his right hand, began to lather Blane's body. Jamie's fingers mixed soap suds into the hairs on Blane's chest, painting in the lather, drawing swirls and figures on Blane's chest and belly, both hands moving steadily downward for an eventual claiming of Blane's hard dick. All the while, Jamie's cock, hard as bone, was securely anchored up the confining snugness of Blane's butt.

The two were actually now moved almost completely out of the spray, but they were still engulfed by the mists of rolling steam. The golden crotch hair clustered around the root of Jamie's cock were mingled with the darker hairs that lined the crease of Blane's butt. The two firm buns of Blane's ass were joined tightly with Jamie's crotch and lower belly.

Jamie enjoyed his cock up Blane's ass. It was so fucking exciting having his cock jabbed deeply up the hole where the vibrations of the ass walls could spasm along the total length of his cock. It was exciting to fuck Blane, because Blane was so evidently a man. There was no mistaking Blane for a woman or an effeminate

faggot. There was just too much muscle here on this body, too much brawn, too much cock and bull-like balls. Jamie had never fucked a girl, and he couldn't imagine ever wanting to fuck one. A woman seemed too soft, too pliant, so possessed of all those characteristics which would make a fuck somehow hardly exciting.

Both of Jamie's hands grabbed hold of Blane's cockshaft, the boy's fingers interlacing across the broad underside, his thumbs locking over the equally broad back of the cock. Blane's prick was a handful, two handfuls as a matter of fact. Jamie could feel the run of veins against his palms and fingers. He brought his hands downward into Blane's belly, pulling all the loose flesh down over the hard bone like core, of the rod he held. The heels of Jamie's hands mashed into the compacting mass of Blane's nuts. As Jamie felt the bulge of the cock within his fingers, he couldn't help imagining how it would have been to see this huge cock being planted up Greg's ass. Or did Greg, after his traumatic gang rape in jail, ever allow Blane to fuck him in the ass? Somehow, Blane didn't seem like the type of stud who would have long been satisfied with continually playing the bottom man in any gay relationship.

Jamie began his screw in earnest, pulling his cock slowly out of Blane's butt as his hands slipped up the shaft of Blane's cock en route to the rosy knob. Blane's butt seemed reluctant to release the dick it had so thoroughly adjusted to, and the friction caused by all those exiting

inches exuded a heat that spread to engulf both his asshole and the cock which was fucking it.

“A kid as young as you shouldn’t know how to give a guy such a good fuck,” Blane said, his body trembling with the drag of Jamie’s thick cock over and against the walnut-sized prostate positioned up his butt.

“You rather have a fuckin’ rookie up your ass, man?” Jamie asked, his hips jamming his cock again up the butt, his hands again on a downward stroking over the shaft of the cock they were strangling.

No, Blane far preferred the expert way Jamie’s cock was plowing his ass – the kid had a point there. Except it seemed a bit strange, perhaps even a bit sad, that someone as young as Jamie was already so knowledgeable about sex – any kind of sex. Blane knew for a fact that there were places in the States where a kid Jamie’s age wouldn’t have been matured beyond his guilt complexes from masturbation. Here Jamie was fucking his God only-knew-what-number asshole. Blane had been out in the world, seen how the other half lived, and he couldn’t help wondering if kids like Jamie weren’t really missing out on a hell of a lot by not being able to discover life or sex in a slower, more gradual manner. Life somehow had a way of rushing in on the kids in the slums, stealing away childhood’s to make mere kids jaded adults before their time.

Jamie leaned his cheek into Blane's back, feeling the softness of the skin, the hardness of the muscle knotted beneath it. His cheek stuck in the moisture. The boy pumped his ass, gave a continual series of in-and-out slides that were slow, long, and languid.

Jamie suddenly felt very safe with Blane there in the shower. Beyond the shower room, the outside doors were locked and secured by four padlocks and an alarm system. No one could get in without their knowing about it. No one could know what they were doing, could endanger the perfection of their mating. Jamie had long ago started coming around after closing to shoot a few extra baskets with Blane. Jamie had long ago started to finish up his visits with other balls beside those dropped through the white net of the hoops.

With each push and pull of his cock up Blane's ass, Jamie felt the pleasures swelling inside of him. He was strangely content in knowing that the pleasure wasn't a one-sided thing. Jamie knew that Blane enjoyed these sessions. Jamie could tell Blane was enjoying this particular session. It was easy to detect the faint trembles that rolled through Blane's body as Jamie fucked it. It was easy to distinguish the throbbing of the cock Jamie held gripped between his masturbating fingers. It was easy to recognize each and every spasming that clamped Blane's asshole tightly around the fucking plug of Jamie's cock.

Jamie was right in his assumption that Blane

was enjoying. Hell, yes, Blane was having a good time being fucked! Why the hell not? The cock up his butt belonged to an attractive young stud who knew a lot about how, to fuck a man and make that man enjoy it. The cock up Blane's ass was doing its job. Blane liked these moments. They made him thankful that he'd come back to the neighborhood. Sex away hadn't been quite like this, but then sex away from the slums had never included Greg Bravo or Greg's brother.

Jamie's cock was drooling its mess of pre-cum with each glide of his cock in and out of the asshole. Blane's shitter was sopped with the sticky transparent fluid and the soap that somehow managed to make the fucking strokes smoother while simultaneously increasing the existing friction of flesh against flesh. The fit of the asshole around the cock became even tighter, the snug gripping acting more quickly to strip the cock toward its climax.

They were both into the screw by now. Blane's hands still clamped into Jamie's butt and aided Jamie on all the inward thrusts. Blane pulled the boy into him so that the kid's pelvis bruised his butt even as the cock fucked it.

There was a bubbling of suds at Blane's asshole, churned up inside the bung and now foaming at the pucker. The white mass haloed the circumference of the cock base, got caught in the webbing of blond hairs that clustered on

Jamie's lower belly and balls.

It was good, it was fucking good. And the two would have liked for it to go on forever. Lost in sex, they could forget the ugliness of the world beyond the shower, beyond the building that housed the recreation center. It was dark outside, and in that darkness things were happening which were far removed from the beauty of this screw. Men and women were getting raped, little old ladies were getting their purses snatched, people were getting mugged or knifed or shot, stores were being robbed, teenagers were popping pills, shooting heroin, sniffing coke. There was hell all around them, but these two men had somehow managed, if only for a few precious moments, to find a pocket of heaven within the purgatory.

Jamie turned his face into Blane's shoulder, his forehead pressing into the muscle, his nose pugging.

"I'm close," Jamie grunted, his fists continuing to whip Blane's cock even while the boy's hips moved into a faster fucking rhythm.

"Let it come, stud," Blane said in reply. "I'm gonna be right there with you... right with you... right... JESUS FUCK ALMIGHTY!"

And Blane was there with him. Or, rather, Jamie was there with Blane, since it was Blane who actually went into orbit first. Blane's balls, cum-

bulged and housed within their grapefruit like mass of tough skin, let loose. The hot jizz rushed through the tubes, pulsed out of the slit of Blane's cock like a comet with a snow-white tail. The wads of cum were airborne, shot after shot blasting free to splatter eventually upon awaiting shower tiles.

The eruption of Blane's cock sent the man's whole body into spasms of ecstasy. His asshole opened wider and then collapsed against Jamie's fucking cock. The walls of his asshole undulated along the rod as Blane's guts seemed focused at his crotch and ejecting through his own cock.

Blane's fingers clamped hard into Jamie's butt, squeezed until even that firm young flesh turned red and oozed through the spaces between his gripping fingers. The visual effects of Greg's beating had faded, but the soreness which had remained was aggravated now by the claw-like insistency of the fingers on Jamie's butt. The resulting pain, which really didn't seem a pain to the hyped boy, was only a mere stimulus to shake Jamie's body with its own eruption.

Jamie let go, his cock feeding Blane's butt with a vomiting of hot, salty cum. The cock, which continued a staccato pumping even as it was into ejaculation, streamlined through its own mess of sperm, streaked the ass walls with jizz, suctioned a wet wash of fuck cream from the bung to let it mingle with the soap suds on

Jamie's belly and balls.

Jamie's legs went stiff. Every muscle in his body tautened. His nipples were rock-hard against Blane's back. The boy opened his mouth, grunting undecipherable words of pleasure as he drooled spit all over Blane's shoulder. His fingers wet with the sperm now oozing from Blane's cock, Jamie squeezed hard against his handful of man-meat.

"Jesus," Blane mumbled softly. And for the next few minutes, there were no sounds in the room except for the water and the heavy breathing of two sexually exhausted studs.

CHAPTER THREE

At least being the big boss' son had some advantages, Tyler thought as he moved into the smaller pathway that forked off from the main trail and began its slow meander through the trees. When the world started to press in, Tyler would just inform the foreman that he was taking off the morning or the afternoon. Of course, Tyler's little self-announced vacations were always quickly jotted down and passed on in reports to W.J., but so far there had been no repercussions. Until there were, and possibly even after, Tyler would continue to get away occasionally. He suspected his old man hadn't put up any complaints so far because Tyler did have some rights, his being the heir apparent to the whole company. Aside from that, Tyler's breaks with the work routine were actually very rare and could be understood by the foreman and the rest of the logging work crew. Tyler, after all, wasn't really one of them.

It was possibly a bit of a surprise to everyone that Tyler had managed to fit in with the basically illiterate work group. But then Tyler had always seemed to be able to adapt well with circumstances, and this had been no exception. It had helped that he didn't really look like the stereotype rich kid. In fact, Tyler wasn't really a kid any longer by a long shot of the imagination.

By the time he'd started up as a member of the logging crew, Tyler had been through one unsuccessful marriage that had produced a son, had been through four years of college, two years of Vietnam, and he was thirty-three years of age. Tyler's athletic skills in school and his combat training had given him a physique which was as good as any of those men he worked with. Oddly, Tyler had been able to mix in with the group and keep his identity a secret for over two months before the truth leaked out. By that time, most of the men had come to consider Tyler just another one of the guys. When his identity did slip out, most of the men continued to like him, but they were no longer as friendly and buddy-buddy as they had been. It wasn't that they found him any different, but they had recognized the world that suddenly existed between them.

Tyler crossed the little stream and turned to follow that part of the path that angled downhill along the course of the waterway the land he was on didn't belong to Franklander Lumber or else it would have been stripped of its timber. That's why Tyler had come over here. He was tired of watching trees drop on all sides of him and wanted to enjoy a virgin tract of timber. He wondered how long it would be before the owner of this acreage sold it off to the big companies that were clamoring for the marketable commodity that was growing on it.

Tyler wasn't sure when he realized he wasn't alone. Just one minute he knew there was

someone watching him and had been watching him for quite some time. It was a weird feeling being seen but being unable to see the other person, and it wasn't the first time it had happened, now that Tyler thought about it.

Tyler wasn't too happy with his discovery. He had wanted to be alone really. Even this invisible personage was an intrusion on the privacy Tyler desired.

"Hello!" Tyler yelled, his hands to his mouth. He'd stopped on the path. His voice disturbed a nest of blackbirds who proceeded to scold him from the nearby treetops. Tyler actually hadn't expected any insults, and he was, therefore, thoroughly surprised when the kid appeared out of the bushes about five yards ahead of him and stood facing Tyler uncertainly.

"Hi," the boy answered. His voice was low and nervous. Tyler could hardly hear him.

"Hi, yourself," Tyler answered. "You been here for long?"

"I saw you back down the trail," the boy answered, "but you didn't look like you wanted to be disturbed." Tyler walked slowly, closing the distance between them. For some reason, the kid reminded him of a frightened animal getting ready to bolt.

“You live around here?” Tyler asked. He continued his approaching, stopping about four feet from the boy.

“Down through there,” the kid answered, pointing. “Down by the main road. My father owns the land on this side of the river.”

“And he sent you to tell me I was trespassing?”

“No. I often walk up here and just happened to you.”

“Hope your father doesn’t mind my using a couple of his trails,” Tyler said. “It’s getting so torn up over across the way that it sometimes gets a bit depressing.”

“Dad says that before long companies like that one are going to have the land stripped bare.”

“Your dad knows W.J. Franklander, does he?” Tyler asked.

“They tried to buy up this land as well as some other acreage we’ve got over on the Horse River,” the boy answered, evidently having confused W.J. Franklander with his company. “Dad wouldn’t sell. He says they don’t give one shit about ecology.”

“And your dad does care?” Tyler asked.

“He was raised around here. His dad was here

way before any of the logging companies came in. Dad hates loggers, but he'll have to give in eventually. You can't stop progress."

"Yeah, I know," Tyler said, reaching for a pine needle on a nearby tree. "The world needs more of your fathers and less of the W.J. Franklanders. What's your dad's name, son?"

Tyler had called the kid son, and it really wasn't a misnomer. Tyler's boy couldn't have been too much older. It had been a while since Tyler had seen Terry. He wondered how the kid was. Tyler really hadn't been much of a father. He could see that. He hadn't been much of a husband, either, for that matter. He'd been too young to get married. For once he should have listened closer to his old man, but, at the time, it had been the old man's insistence that Tyler not marry which had forced Tyler into his elopement. In those days, anything W.J. didn't want had to be for the better.

"Colby. Jack Colby," the boy said, answering Tyler's question. "And you're..."

"Jeff Colby," the boy said.

"Well, Jeff, my name's Tyler." He was going to say Tyler Franklander, but he decided against it.

"I know," Jeff answered. He must have thought he'd answered too quickly, because he managed an embarrassed look that was

followed by a blush.

“You know my name?” Tyler asked, vaguely curious. He certainly had never seen the kid around anywhere before.

“I heard one of the loggers call you that,” Jeff answered, his voice still low in an evidenced continuing of his embarrassment.

“You walking in my direction, Jeff?” Tyler asked, still wondering where Jeff had been when he’d heard one of the loggers call Tyler by name. Surely not on the other side of the river. But if it had been on this side when Jeff had heard someone call Tyler by name, then it had been during the couple of times Tyler had been over here with Carl Jordan. If that were the case, the boy’s admission suddenly offered some interesting possibilities. Tyler tried to remember if he’d had the feeling of being watched on those couple of times he and Carl had been looking for a secluded spot in which to have some privacy.

Without further talk, the two started down the path together. Finally, they reached a place where the stream bed bowled into a natural pond. Tyler, who was going ahead because of the narrowness of the path at that point, waited for Jeff with his ass leaned against a moss-covered boulder. It was quiet in the woods, peaceful.

Jeff left the pathway, walking on stones to the edge of the pool. He squatted down and dropped his fingers into the water.

"I swim here sometimes," Jeff said, turning to give a quick look at Tyler. Jeff's eyes didn't linger long. Tyler was watching him, a curious expression on his handsome face. Maybe Tyler was wondering where Jeff had learned his name. Maybe it was a mistake to have let that slip. How would Tyler react if he'd known the boy had been watching when Tyler and that other logger had had sex? Or maybe he already knew. That thought made Jeff tremble.

"How is it?" Tyler asked.

Hard, Jeff wanted to answer, but Tyler hadn't been referring to the state of the boy's cock. He had been referring to the temperature of the water.

"A little cold, still," Jeff said. He dipped his hand into the water again, letting the liquid spill through his fingers.

Tyler wiped the palms of his hands against his trouser legs, realizing they were sweating. He was mildly shaken by what he'd just been thinking. At thirty-three, it wouldn't be too hard to start feeling like a dirty old man. Tyler remembered now that it had only been a couple of minutes ago that he had remarked to himself that Jeff Colby was probably little younger than

his own boy.

“How old are you, Jeff?” Tyler asked, his thoughts taking verbal form before he’d actually realized it.

“Eighteen,” Jeff said.

Jeff knew what Tyler was thinking. Why in the hell was everyone so concerned about age? Jeff knew his own mind – at least enough of it to know what he wanted from Tyler. Why was it that older men always seemed to think they were taking advantage of anyone under twenty-one? Didn’t it ever occur to them that some kids wanted to be taken advantage of? He certainly wasn’t here now because Tyler had searched him out. So far, Jeff had been the aggressor. Jeff had spotted Tyler over a month ago, had gone home and jacked off while thinking about the man before he’d ever dreamed his fantasizing might actually come to be the reality. Jeff still remembered the day he’d seen Tyler and that other man, both of them hot and sweaty and grunting like two animals. He’d gone home and dreamed about it. He’d been embarrassed in the morning when he’d awoke to find his sheets soaked with his nocturnal emissions. He’d been glad that hadn’t been the day to get new sheets. His mother would have probably flipped. So, why should that other man, that logger, get to have all of the fun just because he was older than Jeff was? Jeff knew just as well as that hunky

bastard what he wanted, and he wanted what was between Tyler's legs. Jeff didn't want to waste away most of his young years experimenting with kids as ignorant as he was. He wanted a teacher who knew what he was doing. Tyler knew what he was doing. Jeff had seen that, watching concealed as the two loggers had mated with each other on the forest floor. It might have been different if Jeff were uncertain about his homosexuality, but he knew what he wanted. He wanted cock. Tyler had a cock. Jesus, did Tyler have one. Jeff had seen it, and Jeff now wanted it.

"You know, I have a son about your age," Tyler said, watching the boy, wondering – despite himself – if the basket Jeff was showing could possibly be real or his imagination. It was hard to think of a kid this young as a sexual animal, of having balls that had dropped and sprouted hair, of having a cock that could spurt thick cum. Was Tyler's son now going around with the equipment of a man hung between his legs. Tyler could wonder that despite an inner embarrassment in doing so.

"Do you have an age hang-up?" Jeff asked. "I don't." Jeff stood up, knowing the bulge of his swollen cock would be more than evident against his left thigh. He wanted Tyler to know that Jeff knew the score, that Jeff wasn't a kid about to be seduced by an older man but rather someone who wanted what Tyler had to give and who had gone to the point of searching the older man out to get it.

Tyler knew what he would have liked Jeff to mean by his comment on age hang-up, but he couldn't believe that's how it actually was. What did Jeff Colby know about sex? What, especially, did Jeff Colby know about male-male sex?

The answer to that, for all practical purposes, was that Jeff knew really very little except that he would have liked to know a good deal more. The boy had played the normal amount of grab-ass games with the other boys. He'd graduated to jacking off and had once been a member of a circle-jerk. The latter, composed of a total of four boys, had resulted in none of the kids involved talking to each other for a month after it was over. Most of the male-male sex Jeff had, thus, had been in his mind. After he had seen Tyler and that other logger in action, however, he had come away with a bit more of the specifics. Male-male sex consisted of sucking cock and fucking ass. Jeff had seen cock sucked, seen ass fucked, and he hadn't been turned off by it. Quite to the contrary, rather than having been revolted by the display of two males in rut, Jeff had merely found himself wondering how it would be to fill his own mouth with cock, fill his own butt with cock, jab his own healthy cock up another man's deep throat or deep asshole. Now his fantasies were no longer just any male but a specific one – Tyler. Jeff wanted to know more about what Tyler had been doing with that other stud in the woods that day. Couldn't Tyler see that? Couldn't Tyler see the swollen mass of cock at Jeff's groin and know the boy was

just waiting to be shown the secrets Tyler knew and which Jeff desired to know?

“You’re so young,” Tyler said, knowing his own cock had gone hard and was bulging his pants at his crotch. His reaction was to want to conceal his obscene hard-on, but any attempts to have done so would have only called Jeff’s attention more closely to it.

“Does so young mean too young?” Jeff asked. He was surprised at how he was acting. Maybe he had just determined at the outset that he wasn’t going to be talked out of doing what he wanted to do. He’d known from the minute he’d lucked onto Tyler again that this was the day it was meant to happen between them. Today Tyler was alone. Today Tyler would have no one else with him to pull down his pants and suck his fat cock. Today Jeff would be that person. As if hypnotized, Jeff had found himself walking out to meet Tyler when the man had sensed his presence back on the trail. Jeff had come out because he’d known that today was the day he’d been waiting for his whole life, and, by God, no one was going to deprive him of it – not even Tyler, not even if Jeff had to rape the older man right where he stood.

Tyler was confused. He couldn’t believe what was happening. He couldn’t believe Jeff’s hard-on, and he couldn’t believe his own. He couldn’t imagine Jeff’s words being a veiled invitation for sex. Does so young mean too young? What had

the kid meant by that? Too young for what? For sex? Jesus, Tyler thought, he must be out of his head to imagine a proposition for sex from such a young kid.

Jeff walked the short distance that separated them. He walked with a determination that told him there was no time like the present to get this phase of his sexual initiation out of the way. It was going to be now or never. Jeff knew what he wanted, and he was determined to get it. He'd decided each night in the privacy of his own bedroom, his hand wrapped around his cock, that it was going to be Tyler who was going to take him through the mysteries, Tyler with his butch studly body, his muscles, his fat cock and hairy balls.

"I saw what you and that other logger did out there that day," Jeff said. His voice sounded strange in his ears. He felt a sudden flushing of power through his body as he saw the various emotions race suddenly across Tyler's face – fear, confusion, desire. Jeff felt very much in control. It was a feeling he enjoyed, one which he nurtured.

"Me and what man?" Tyler asked. Why was his cock hard? Why was he beginning to sweat? Why was he here now with this young kid? He looked at Jeff, at the boy's blond hair, his blue eyes, his boyishly undeveloped chest beneath the shirt, the manly bulge of the cock in the boy's trousers.

“You know what man,” Jeff said, challenging. “I know what man. I was watching the both of you. I watched you all the time... from the beginning to the end.”

“I don’t know what you mean,” Tyler said. So, why didn’t he leave? Why was he glued to the boulder he was leaning against? Why was he suddenly so afraid?

“You leaned your back up against a tree,” Jeff said. “And the guy that was with you began to undo your belt.”

Jeff’s fingers found the buckle at Tyler’s waist, began to unfasten it.

“What in the hell are you doing?” Tyler asked, slapping the kid’s hands violently, too violently, away. His action surprised himself as well as the boy.

Jeff was confused. He felt very much the child again, being suddenly chastised by a grownup for something he’d done wrong. Jeff had lost his sense of dominance in this situation, and he now fought to regain a portion of it. He put his hands back on Tyler’s belt, angry to find his eyes blurring with the tears that were swelling inside of him.

Tyler didn't slap the boy's hands again, but he didn't let them go on to immediately do what they wanted to. He grabbed them instead with his own hands, holding them secure in a viselike grip.

"Stop it, Jeff!" Tyler said, his voice sounding low in his throat.

"Why?" Jeff asked. He was crying, and he knew he was crying, and he suddenly hated Tyler for ruining the way it should have gone, for ruining the way Jeff had always imagined it would be. Jeff would have undone Tyler's pants. He would have unzipped the man's trousers, just like he'd seen that other man do it. Then he'd have reached into the opened fly and taken hold of the white-hot shaft of Tyler's cock and dragged the stiff rod into the open. He'd have dropped to his knees and kissed the swollen head of that cock. He would have sucked on it while Tyler commanded him to eat prick like he had commanded that other man that day in the grove. But Tyler had spoiled all of how it should have been. The Goddamned sonofabitch had mined it!

"Try to understand," Tyler said, his voice sounding hoarse, his chest gone tight.

"Let me go, you queer bastard!" Jeff screamed. He almost managed to jerk his hands free, but Tyler continued to hold him, somehow now afraid to let the boy go.

“Jeff, I want you to try and understand,” Tyler said. Jesus, what did he want Jeff to understand? That Tyler was on the verge of pulling out his cock and feeding it up the boy’s mouth? That Tyler was tempted to yank down the boy’s pants and feed all of his prick up Jeff’s tight virgin ass? Could any young boy understand that? Even begin to understand that?

“Bastard!” Jeff exclaimed. “Queer, queer, cock-sucking bastard!” Jeff tried again to wrench his hands free, but he couldn’t. He felt mortified, ashamed. He wanted someone, and they didn’t want him. The boy was humiliated. He only wanted to get away now, run away, hide away. He was still crying, and he hadn’t cried in years – not even when his father punished him. A man didn’t cry. Only women cried. Tyler’s refusal had somehow managed to make Jeff feel less than a man.

“You’re so young,” Tyler said, still trying to explain both to himself and to Jeff. “Christ, can’t you see I’m old enough to be your father?”

Jeff stopped struggling.

“And I’m old enough to get a hard-on,” Jeff said, attempting to regain some aspect of his dignity. “I’m old enough to want something. So, who’s going to judge when I’m old enough to get it? You?”

Tyler used his hold on Jeff's hands to pull the boy closer to him. He looked down on the youth who was a good foot shorter than he was. He waited until Jeff appeared relatively calm.

"If I let you go, will you promise not to run?" Tyler asked finally.

For a good fifteen seconds, Tyler waited for the answer. When it came, it was merely a mumbling.

"Was that a yes or a no?" Tyler asked.

"I won't run," Jeff promised, although he wondered about the purpose of staying. What was the point?

Tyler released his hold, waiting tentatively for the boy's attempt to bolt. Jeff didn't run. He was so physically close to Tyler that he was acutely aware of the man's exuding warmth. He was close enough to be acutely aware of the hardness beneath the stretched material of Tyler's crotch. If there was a hard cock there, it was there for some reason. So, what was the reason? Was Tyler holding back only because of the difference in their ages? Was that really all that was keeping them apart – Tyler's misconception that anything he did was a taking advantage of a kid who was more than half his age? Could Tyler actually still believe that after Jeff had made a fool out of

himself to play the aggressor?

Tyler moved his hands slowly, bringing them to Jeff's tear-stained face. He ran his fingers along the boy's cheeks, his thumbs gently tracing the curve of the boy's lips. He lifted Jeff's face to look upward toward his own, looking at it, marveling at the blueness of the boy's eyes. He dropped slowly to his knees, his new positioning making Jeff taller. Tyler's hands left the boy's face and glided down Jeff's body, resting finally, on the youth's hips and holding there.

"How often have you and someone else done what you saw me and that other man do?" Tyler asked, his voice now gentle and soothing. He found himself very cognizant of the bulging of Jeff's crotch. It was hard to believe that all that evident hardness belonged to one so young.

"What difference does that make?" Jeff asked. "Are you going to tell me how many times you've done that sort of thing before?"

"No," Tyler said, "I guess not."

Tyler moved his hands, brought them slowly to begin the unbuttoning of Jeff's shirt. Jeff didn't move, hardly believing it was beginning to happen.

Tyler's fingers moved deftly. Even Tyler was amazed at how smoothly his fingers released the buttons, revealing the hairless expanse

of the chest beneath. Tyler ran his hand up over the naked chest, working the shirt off over the boy's shoulders. Jeff let the shirt fall to the ground behind him, not bothering to even make an effort to pick it up.

Jeff's flesh was golden, toasted by the sun. It was smooth beneath Tyler's fingers. Tyler ran his hand over it, bowed his face into it, tasted it with his lips and his tongue.

Jeff put his hand into Tyler's hair, feeling the silkiness of it as he was simultaneously experiencing the wet warmth of Tyler's tongue. What in the name of Christ had all the problem been? This was what Jeff had wanted. This surely was what Tyler wanted. So, why had there ever been the silly pretense that it had been otherwise?

Jeff's body wasn't without definition. The outline of the pectorals was formed but not developed. The belly was firm and flat, stretched between the two hipbones and punctuated with an indented navel. Tyler's tongue found first one nipple and then the other, aware of how they rose to meet his tongue. The flesh tasted of boy, of youth. Tyler rubbed his cheek against Jeff's belly and then began unzipping the boy's pants.

Jeff felt Tyler's fingers expertly undoing the top snap of his pants and beginning to draw down the zipper. Despite himself, the boy was apprehensive about what Tyler would find. Jeff

knew he had a big cock for his age, but how would it compare to the man-cock Tyler had been used to? Jeff hadn't seen that many naked men to form an adequate basis for comparison. He'd seen his PE teacher's cock in the showers at school. He'd seen his father's cock. Both of those didn't seem so much more impressive than his own dick, but those were only two people, two cocks. Jeff was suddenly afraid that now that Tyler was going to see him, his dick wouldn't stand up against the others Tyler had come across.

Size was the last thing on Tyler's mind. The man had never been a size queen. He would have been equally delighted with a six-inch cock or a ten-inch cock. He was only thrilled now that he was about to get this boy's prick at all. He was excited by the anticipation, was suddenly starved for the taste of the boy's rod no matter what the size.

Tyler put his hand into the breach of the fly, his fingers working into the opening at the crotch of the boy's underwear. He found the hard warmth of the prickshaft, the bulk of it still bent downward along the boy's left thigh.

Jeff groaned with the feel of strange fingers on his dick. He dug his fingers involuntarily into Tyler's scalp in direct response to the pleasure.

How was any of this wrong? Tyler asked himself as he pried the cock up and out of its nesting.

He certainly wasn't a dirty old man seducing a young boy. He was merely enjoying something natural with a member of his own sex. The kid had been right. If Jeff actually knew what he wanted, then who was Tyler to tell him differently? After all if it hadn't happened with Tyler, mightn't it have happened with someone else? And God only knew the trauma to be had with being brought out by the wrong man. Maybe it was better to be doing it here and now. Tyler knew he would be gentle. If this was actually the boy's first time, that gentleness would be important, wouldn't it?

Jeff's cock was hard. Were all boys' cocks this hard? The erection was jabbed downward into the left pants leg. Tyler pried it out a little at a time until the dick broke completely free of its confines and bounded immediately to an upjutting position.

Had Tyler been a size queen, he would have had little complaint with the prick Jeff was offering him. The evidence of size and bulk which had been only hinted at behind the bulge of the boy's clothed crotch was now proved even larger in the reality. Tyler could hardly believe that a cock that size was sprung from the belly of a mere child.

The cock was a good ten inches of blue-veined meat. It was thick as well as long, and even Tyler's large hand was going to have trouble making a completed fist around it. It rose from a

nest of blond crotch hair, the strands of that hair poking out at the base of the cock. The underside was wide, rising from the root to the circumcised knob. The cockhead at the summit was heart-shaped, flaring before tapering to the end. The cum-slit was deep and pink, beaded with pre-cum. Some of the juice had already leaked free while the cock had been confined in Jeff's pants. Tyler's fingers had detected the dampness of the underwear, and the man could clearly see the shiny slick of those juices on the knob and on the neck of the thick dick.

With the unveiling of the cock in all of its glory, Tyler knew he had come to the point where there would be no turning back. The man knew he would have to have it. If he had had any doubts and inhibitions of taking on a kid so young, they would have to be discarded now.

Tyler reached his right hand back into Jeff's pants, cupping the full warmth of his balls and scooping the scrotum out to hang downward over the opened zipper.

The balls and the sac which contained them were the perfect complement for the massive cock reared above them. The bag of flaccid skin, covered as it was with a furring of wiry blond hair, moved with its own life. Tyler watched the movement and was excited by it.

By not looking at the rest of Jeff's body, by not

concentrating on anything but the prick and the accompanying balls, Tyler could easily imagine Jeff was a man. He thought momentarily of fantasizing the man rather than the boy throughout the whole ensuing sexual encounter, but then he discarded the idea. What would have been the point? His pretending to suck a man's dick wasn't going to change the fact that Jeff was only a boy, so Tyler had better face up to that fact from the beginning and enjoy it. Now that Tyler had come this far, he knew he was going to enjoy it. He'd known from the beginning he would enjoy sex with this young teenager, and that was what had been partly responsible for Tyler's initial panic when the boy had moved to unbuckle Tyler's pants. But that panic was now gone.

Desire for the boy had taken over Tyler's body. Those desires wouldn't leave him until long after Tyler had feasted on the fuck cream that was bulging Jeff's balls. The man knew it, wondering if he would ever be sorry. The boy knew it, well realizing this moment had been long hoped for and would be long remembered.

Tyler bent his head into Jeff's crotch, momentarily bypassing the cock in favor of the nuts. He pursed his lips to kiss the bag, sucked to siphon the loose skin into his mouth. The hair-covered flesh slipped inward until one ball and then the other popped through Tyler's ovaled lips and into his mouth. Tyler's mouth moved to a position that was flush with the underside of Jeff's thick cock. His nose was pressed firmly

into the dick, smelling the delightful aromas of a clean young male's sex.

Jeff felt his legs go weak. For a brief instant, as Tyler's face was sucking up the boy's balls, Jeff thought he was going to faint with the pleasure. He held to Tyler for support, his fingers still on the man's scalp, his fingers lost amid the silkiness of all that tousled black hair.

This wasn't how Jeff had imagined it would be.

It was better. He had always suspected it would be himself who would uncover Tyler's balls, go down on Tyler's cock. How surprised he now was to find his cock bared, his balls wet up Tyler's sucking mouth.

Tyler's cheeks were ballooned with his large mouthful of meat. He swished the sac and its balls back and forth, drowning the scrotum in a mess of bubbling warm saliva. Increasing the suctioning that had originally drawn the gonads and their covering into his mouth, Tyler's cheeks collapsed inward on the nuts, squeezing the delicate balls until a dull aching seemed to radiate outward into the pit of Jeff's belly. The boy felt the aching and was surprised that the discomfort of it was not completely lacking in its additional degree of pleasure.

Tyler was not long over Jeff's nuts. His hunger had only been increased for a taste of the hard

male cock above them. Tyler pulled his head back from Jeff's crotch, stretching the big balls. Finally, one ball and then the other popped free. The weight of the released nuts drooped the sac back between Jeff's thighs. The scrotum was wet with Tyler's spit, was already beginning to contract and pull upward toward the base of Jeff's cock. The skin of the sac continued to move, continued to grow thicker as the boy's body was priming for its orgasm.

Tyler's tongue gave the nuts one final licking and moved upward for its first contact with the boy's prick. The hardness of the cock was hot against Tyler's tongue. He lapped the underside, his tongue moving upward toward the rosy knob. Simultaneously, his hands had moved to the boy's butt, his fingers anchoring in the pants-covered buns.

How many cocks had Tyler sucked? How was this particular cock any different from any of those? He had sucked many cocks, having lost count long ago of just exactly how many, and this cock was different, even if Tyler wasn't able to actually define those characteristics that distinguished it from the others.

Tyler's tongue reached the spongy knob, feeling the shaft trembling beneath his licking as he robbed the pouting cum-slit of those juices which had pooled there and started to overflow.

Tyler worked his forehead into Jeff's lower belly,

able now to get a good view down the whole length of the dick. Along the back was a latticing of fine blue veins that appeared and then disappeared along the expanse of milky flesh. There was one vein, bigger than the others, that began at the base of the cock and meandered up the back until it faded again into the skin at the beginnings of the circumcision scar tissue. Tyler would feel the run of that vein along his upper lip as he dove over Jeff's prick. His anticipation of doing so only made the man that much hotter.

Eagerly, Tyler put his lips to the head of the cock, dropping them downward until they'd slipped into the groove formed by the flaring of the knob. There was a new flushing of pre-cum onto his tongue, the taste of which made him immediately hungry for even more of the cock than he had already managed to claim. He dived, the blunt head of Jeff's rod butting his palate and arching back through the opening of his throat. Tyler continued to suck up the cock until he felt his throat beginning to reject it. Then he paused, waiting for his face to adjust to the inches of cock which had already dived in to fuck it.

Jeff moaned. He couldn't help it. This sucking warmth that was beginning to engulf his whole cock was an entirely new experience for the boy. Here was noting that could be duplicated by grab-ass games in the gym or by jacking off with cold cream in the privacy of the bathroom. This was something you couldn't adequately know

until you were part of the experience. Even Jeff's wildest fantasies were now made pale by the actuality of the moment.

Jeff heard noises, low animalistic growls, and he didn't immediately recognize them as his own. His legs were actually shaking, his fingers kneading Tyler's head as if the man's scalp was a blob of raw dough.

It took a relatively short time before Tyler was able to proceed further. He'd sucked enough cock in his time that his throat was able to easily adjust to the biggest dicks anyone ever offered him. Jeff's cock, despite its magnificent bulk and length, had been no exception to the rule. There was only a two-second lapse between Tyler's pause and his completion of the slide down over the rest of Jeff's rod.

Tyler reached bottom, his lips gumming the base of the cock. His nose burrowed into the blond crotch hairs, his chin pressing into the contracting mass of the youth's balls.

"Oh, Jesus!" Jeff squealed.

Both Tyler and Jeff were surprised by the sudden orgasm that racked the young blonds body. Tyler was, perhaps, the more surprised of the two, since Jeff felt the explosion in his brain before it was transferred to his spasming cock. Tyler, used to sucking on cocks jaded by the experience of being swung on by male head,

hadn't really anticipated the quick results to be had from his expert mouth and tongue working over a cock that was virgin to male mouth or ass. Tyler automatically sucked away the cream, however, marveling nevertheless at the tremendous amount. He sucked and sucked some more, and even then there seemed to be a new wad of jizz leaving the cock and flooding his throat with each successive gulping.

Jeff, who had been temporarily lost to the world as his orgasmic shudders possessed him, could momentarily think of nothing but the ecstasy. As the climax washed over him, passing into its final moments, however, Jeff knew that, as pleasurable as it had all been, he'd somehow shot off a little early. He'd watched Tyler when the man had been sucked off by that logger, and it had seemed to Jeff that Tyler was never going to get his rocks off. Yet Jeff had blasted his nuts almost as soon as Tyler's face had moved to completely take in his cock. The boy was disappointed that it was to be over so quickly, even though he wouldn't have missed out on it for the world.

Tyler was disappointed, too, since he had only just begun to enjoy the taste of the boy's cock. He was so disappointed, in fact, that he had no intentions of immediately giving up his mouthful. The dick he was eating, even though it had finally finished spitting up cum, was still hard. Tyler was determined to keep it that way.

Jeff, who thought it would all be finished when he'd quit orgasming, was delighted to find that Tyler was apparently no way done with his prick. Jeff, knowing he was good for at least another come, was determined not to shoot off prematurely a second time. He was glad Tyler hadn't spit out his cock, happy that the man hadn't been disgusted by Jeff's inability to hold on that first time, overjoyed that Tyler had enough foresight to know that Jeff was good for more than just one blast-off before his cock would shrivel into uselessness.

In fact, Tyler was relatively surprised that Jeff's cock hadn't seemed to lose any of its hardness after the volume of cum it had given up during the first blasting. The fact that Jeff's cock was still bone-hard, more than anything, could point up to Tyler that he was indeed eating the cock of a young stud in his prime. Maybe it was ridiculous to delegate teenagers into celibate corners until they came of legal age. By the time they did become of age, some of their best sexual years had been wasted away on jacking off.

Tyler's face began to slide up the cock, his tongue lapping the rod in seeming challenge for it to dare and go soft, his saliva glands continuing to manufacture new gushings of spit to bathe the cock in sticky wetness.

Tyler's lips came upward to the flaring of the knob, paused only momentarily for a quick

inhalation of air before dropping once again down over the cock. While the first trip down the shaft had required a brief respite at the halfway point, the second fall was successfully achieved in one, long, fluid motion. Tyler's throat had adjusted, knew what to now expect.

Again down at the root of the cock, Tyler wasted little time before returning back up the shaft. In fact, his head moved easily into a bouncing cadence that drew the dick totally in and then spit it almost out of Tyler's hungry mouth. Tyler's firm lips pulled and pushed the outer layer of loose skin over the more solid inner core of Jeff's hard prick.

Jeff's pleasure, which had peaked during his first orgasm, had never really completely drained away in the aftermath of that climax. Tyler's immediately move to work the cock for a second eruption had managed to hold Jeff on a fairly high plateau of enjoyment. Now, as Tyler's face was well into its bounce over Jeff's cock, the pleasure had begun to swell once again within the boy's body. Jeff was worried that the pleasure was, perhaps, swelling too fast. He'd often jacked off twice in succession, but the enjoyment during a second masturbation never built up as quickly as it was doing now. But then, this experience was so sensuously superior to beating his meat, there could really be no basis for comparison between the two.

Tyler sucked, his lips again gumming the root of

the cock and then again beginning another upward slide. His tongue wrapped around the hard rod, beating it until the cum-slit wept more and more pre-cum. His mouth was stretched wide, so wide that the corners of it pained with the yawning.

It was a lovely cock – this cock – Tyler now had in his mouth. The taste of the meat itself, combined with the residue of hot cum still on Tyler's taste buds, made for a delicious meal. Tyler couldn't remember when he had enjoyed sucking a cock so much. His last sex had been with Carl, and that had certainly been okay. Carl had been a handsome enough stud, with a fat uncircumcised dick, but eating tat foreskin-shrouded tool just wasn't the same as this.

The fact that Tyler was having such a good time could partially be accounted to the fact that it had been a long time since his last sex – a month being a long time for someone as virile as Tyler Franklander. After the discovery that Tyler was the boss' son, Tyler's relationship with Carl had cooled. Their sex was never the same once it was known who Tyler was. Carl was a kid who'd been raised in the woods, hadn't even finished high school. He couldn't cope with the idea of having the boss' son suck him off or vice versa. Since then, Tyler had been alone.

He was alone no longer. Here in the woods, away from the prying eyes of everyone, Tyler was sucking cock – big cock, big cock that was

on a young boy. He was enjoying. He would continue to enjoy. There was something infinitely thrilling about taking a virgin prick into his mouth, tasting virgin cum before anyone else could sample its flavor. Tyler couldn't have known how much of a turn-on eating virgin dick could be until now. He was hotter than hell, and he hadn't even touched his own rod. He could almost come by just sucking on this boy's cock. Wouldn't that have been a new experience for Tyler? But then, even if Tyler's dick wasn't about to blast on its own without a little help from his hand, the whole experience was a new one for Tyler. Because if Jeff had never before had his cock sucked by another man, this was the first time Tyler's mouth had done its work on someone as young as Jeff. Before, he had steered away from younger meat, jail-bait, kids who Tyler figured didn't know their minds and who he felt would be better off finding out which way they wanted to go without any help from him. Maybe he'd made a mistake before. Maybe there were young kids like Jeff who already knew what they wanted. Why shouldn't Tyler's mouth find them? As Tyler's lips glided once more over the uprisen bulk of the cock, dropped to the stalwart root, dragged upward until the dominant vein on the prick's back had ridden its length along Tyler's upper lip, the man somehow suspected that Jeff was liable to be his first and last experience with young, virgin boys. Few young men would be approaching Tyler as Jeff had done, and Tyler somehow didn't see himself approaching them. With that realization playing

through his brain, Tyler was determined to enjoy this sex while it was his.

Jeff found his hips had assumed a back and forth movement to coincide with Tyler's sucking, a fucking motion that drove his cock as Tyler took it, that pulled his cock as Tyler released it. The boy's hands, still on Tyler's head, rode with the up-and-down cadence of Tyler's sucking face.

"Eat me, eat me, eat me!" Jeff said, his voice breathless, remembering how it had been, how excited he'd become when Tyler had made that demand of Carl in the grove of trees that one, hot afternoon Jeff had watched with his hand full of his own hard cock.

The buildup to the orgasm wasn't as long as Jeff had suspected it would be, but it was long enough so that when Tyler sensed its approach, he didn't do anything to slow down the speed of its arrival. There were several things Tyler might have done to keep Jeff's orgasm in abeyance. He might have squeezed the boy's balls hard, letting the pain cancel out some of the pleasure. He could have clamped down hard into the cock at the flare of the knob. He could have scraped the cock with teeth unprotected by the fuck of the lips. He could have pulled his face completely away to remove all stimulus. But Tyler did none of those things or anything else to impede the flow of pleasure through Jeff's body. Tyler was hungry for Jeff's second load,

and Jeff prepared to serve it to him.

Tyler hungrily ate the hard cock, siphoning it into the depths of his throat, aware of how compact the once-flaccid sac flesh had become at the cock base. The boy's scrotum had grouped itself into a mass the size of a grapefruit, the balls it contained bulging with newly manufactured fuck cream. Beneath Tyler's fingers, Jeff's butt had gone solid with taut muscles. His belly was drawn in tighter than usual and sweat glossed his skin. The crotch of the boy's trousers was soaked with a mingling of Tyler's saliva and his own drooled pre-cum.

Inside Tyler's mouth, Jeff's cock began to throb noticeably, as if it were an entity all its own. The man mentally prepared for the teenager's climax, prepared to physically siphon away all evidence of that climax once it occurred.

"Oh, fuck!" Jeff mumbled. His hands automatically shoved Tyler's head downward over his cock just as it began erupting thick jizz. In accompaniment to the downward thrusting of his hands which pinioned Tyler on the exploding cock, Jeff bucked his hips forward so that his crotch ground into Tyler's feeding face.

For Jeff, the second orgasm even surpassed the first in its intensity. The boy shut his eyes, threw back his head, opened his mouth and gave a growling of pure, unadulterated

pleasure. For those too-brief seconds of orgasm, Jeff thought his whole body was being vacuumed through his cock and jettisoning into the depths of Tyler's belly.

Tyler wasn't surprised at the orgasm – that, after all, being what he had so diligently been working to achieve. What did surprise him was the large volume of wet, warm sperm Jeff proceeded to feed him. After the seeming gallon of spunk which had accompanied the first eruption, it was inconceivable that there was all of this cum which had remained to follow. Yet, there it was – milky, creamy, warm slugs of coagulated sperm. With each trembling of Jeff's cock and body, another load let go, until the cock was still jerking, Jeff's body still quivering when all of the jizz was finally gone.

Tyler sucked up the last tardy traces, reluctantly releasing Jeff's dick from his mouth. He looked upward, seeing Jeff's flushed face looking down at him.

"Thank you," Jeff said, his voice hoarse, his hands still resting on Tyler's head. It was the only thing he could think of to say.

"My pleasure," Tyler answered, and the hardness of his cock somehow told him he wasn't finished with Jeff Colby's studly young body yet – not by a long shot.

CHAPTER FOUR

It was good sex, but it wasn't the same as it had once been, and that, Blane supposed, was only as it should be. He and Tad were, after all, now different than when they'd first met as two college frosh and launched a whirlwind of sex and mutual discovery. Blane had been the high school jock who had gotten to college on a track and field scholarship, and Tad had been the rich man's son who had balked at his father's plans for Harvard and opted instead for the state university. Looking back, Blane suspected their relationship had begun on pretty flimsy footing. Blane had been out to prove that even if he came from the slums, he could still make it with somebody like Tad Thaner. Tad had thought it would really be a bit of a lark if his old man ever found out he was carrying on a torrid homosexual romance with a kid so evidently from the other side of the tracks. That their relationship had blossomed into something deeper had actually surprised them both. They'd had many long discussions that went on deep into the night as they tried, like most college kids, to come up with the answers to life and the universe, and, like those who had come before them, they'd solved no great problems, answered no mysteries. But they had gotten uproariously drunk on more than one happy occasion and had had a lot of good times. After graduation, they had both made solemn pledges to keep in touch, but they had gone from regular correspondence to merely

exchanging Christmas cards in less than three years. Blane had gotten the wedding announcement eight months before and had been a little too short on cash at the time to send a gift. He wouldn't have gone to the wedding or reception under most circumstances anyway. He didn't know Miss Jocelyn Potter-Sykes, but he knew he wouldn't like her. He had sent a note of congratulations instead.

When he'd opened the door, he hadn't immediately recognized Tad. It wasn't that Tad looked any older, it was just that Tad had been the last person in the world he'd expected to see. Blane had thought it was Jamie knocking, even though Jamie had already stated earlier that he wouldn't be by. Still, Blane had hoped Jamie had somehow gotten away, since very few people showed up at the recreation center after it was closed.

"I know you were probably expecting some handsome young stud," Tad said, smiling, "but at least try to act a little pleased."

"Tad?" Blane asked, his vocal recognition actually preceding his conscious one. "Christ, it can't be!"

"Well, close your Goddamned mouth and invite me in," Tad said. "I was afraid I was going to get mugged before you even opened the door. The fucking cabby didn't bother waiting, even after I'd given him a tip that was too damned big."

You'd have thought I'd asked him to take me to the moon instead of just across town."

"Can in this neighborhood get ripped off while in motion," Blane said. "You're lucky you got him past Jackson Street at this time of the night."

"Doesn't it scare you, living in an area that the police are afraid to patrol even in the day?" Tad asked, walking past Blane and into the hallway beyond.

Blane locked the door, turning to face Tad. It finally began to sink in that it was really Tad Thaner standing there.

"By God, Tad, it's good to see you," Blane said, extending a hand for the first time and giving Tad's fingers a firm squeeze. "Did you bring the little woman?"

"The little woman isn't very little," Tad said, frowning. "She's pregnant and looks like a two-ton truck."

"Tad Thaner... husband and father," Blane commented. "Who would have guessed?"

"Not me," Tad said. "But let's not ruin an evening by talking about Jocelyn and her fat belly. I thought I'd get away from all of that for at least one evening."

“What brings you both to our fair city?”

“You,” Tad answered. “What else but thoughts of seeing you again could pull me into a neighborhood like this after the sun went down?” That from the doorway to the bedroom was a comparatively small step to take didn’t surprise either of them. The cooling of their romance hadn’t occurred because they had grown physically tired of each other. God, no. Actually, it had been because the two had a physical relationship that had been a bit too perfect, a bit too exquisite, a bit too passionate. They’d both, quite frankly, been frightened off by the very intensity of it. Neither had really been mature enough at the time to attempt making something lasting out of it. By mutual agreement, they had forced themselves to let things cool. Now that there were oceans and oceans of water under the bridge and each knew there was now remaining very little chance of something permanent springing up between them, the two were eager to get back into bed together. They actually wanted to see how sex now would compare to sex then, see if they’d been right in all the ecstasy they remembered, or if they’d been merely exaggerating to themselves all that had happened back in those good old days.

Tad had brown hair, cut short but not military. He had large gray eyes that had lost but little of their twinkle. He had a Roman nose that wasn’t so large as to dominate his face. Rather,

it blended into the rest of his features the dimpled left cheek, the deeply clefted square chin, the sensuously wet lips to make a decidedly masculine composite. When Tad stripped off his clothes, he was heavier than Blane remembered, but the excess weight seemed to sit well on him, and there was still no way Tad, even these years later, could have been called fat. His firm physique had acquired, after four years of college gymnastics and swimming, a well-sculptured form that Tad had followed up later with much pampering at the club. His chest was well-muscled, absent of most body hair except for a few strands that haloed each nipple and a line of hair that ran along the cleavage of the domes and down to the belly button. There was a fanning of silky brown hair over his lower belly, a concentration of similar strands grouped about the base of his swollen cock.

The state of Tad's cock, its turgid hardness, certainly gave the impression that his marriage had done little to turn him off to the prospects of gay sex. His cock, a thick and lengthy one, rose upward from bull-like balls, containing so much bulk it actually couldn't achieve a rise that made it parallel to Tad's belly. The cock, instead, jutted upward at a forty-five-degree angle. He had a thick anchorage amid the nesting of crotch hair, that thickness being maintained the total length of its shaft. The cock began its taper only after the flaring of the knob. The head of the cock was almost halved by a deep cum-slit that was glossed with leaking juices. The

circumcision scar was a wide band of tissue encircling the neck of the cock just before the mushrooming of the tip.

When the two kissed, their hard-nippled chests met, their stiff cocks aligning side-by-side between their mated bellies. Their lips were firm and warm, their tongues battling in spit-warm mouths. It was a good kiss, one that held up favorably in comparison to those which were past and well-remembered.

In the bed, they moved easily to a sixty-nine position, each eager to renew an acquaintance with a familiar prick. Cocks seldom changed physically after reaching puberty, and neither man was disappointed in what he found nestled between the other's muscular thighs.

Tad was on his back, his face looking upward at the dick Blane's splayed thighs were offering him. Down between his own legs was a cock that was even then being savored by Blane who looked down on it.

Blane watched the movement of the flesh about Tad's nuts, and he got suddenly hungry for the fat prick that was ready and available for his licking. Diane bowed his face into Tad's nuts, licking over them and up to the broad belly of the cock whose back was now laid out on Tad's stomach.

Beneath Blane's hairy belly, Tad reached a hand upward and began massaging Blane's balls. The sac and its nuts hung so low they almost pooled over Tad's face. However, as Tad's fingers continued to fondle the gonads, the bag that housed the balls began to contract noticeably, elevating upward toward the thick root of the erected rod. With his other hand, Tad reached upward for the cock, feeling its stiffness protesting as he yanked the head downward toward his mouth. The segment of Blane's lower belly into which the base of the cock was seemingly affixed became ballooned outward as Blane's cock was moved into the more convenient position for Tad's sucking. Tad had visions of the thick cock popping free from Blane's belly even if he knew it never would.

By yanking down Blane's dick, Tad found that the knob almost touched his lips without his even having to lift his face up to claim it. The man reached for a pillow on the bed beside him and propped it beneath his head. Given the additional elevation, Tad was now able to open his mouth and take a good two inches of Blane's hard cock with little bother. Almost as soon as his lips closed around the pulpy knob, Blane's cock rewarded Tad with a gushing of tasty pre-cum.

Blane in the meantime, hadn't left off servicing Tad's prick. Blane's tongue had licked slowly up the belly of the cock and had centered its lapping momentarily on the prickhead. He, too, was tasting pre-cum, the flavor of which made

him only hunger for the richer, creamier cum that was nestled in Tad's fat balls.

Blane placed his chin firmly into Tad's belly, pressing with difficulty into the solid scalloping of the muscle until his mouth was able to align with the drooling cum-slit. Blane kissed that deep hole, and then opened his mouth to completely swallow the whole knob. He scooted his chin forward, working his face deeper into Tad's groin, siphoning up more and more of his cock.

Surprisingly enough, despite the years which had passed since he had sucked off Tad, Blane was finding that the stiff cock he was now taking was still somehow familiar to him. It seemed to fit easily into his mouth, as if he'd long ago adjusted to the entering bulk and hadn't forgotten. The head of the cock pushed directly into Blane's throat, and the man edged even closer to Tad's balls.

Tad put both hands on Blane's hips, using his possum like hold for support as he lifted his face upward over Blane's down jutting dick. Tad's gumming lips pressed tightly into the neck of the cock, pushing the loose outer layer of flesh up toward Blane's lower belly. He continued to lift, gagging only slightly, and then silently, as the head of the cock clogged into his throat and slipped even deeper into the compressing dampness.

Tad enjoyed the taste of Blane's cock on his tongue. As he'd remembered, it was an exciting piece of meat, and Tad enjoyed eating it. Jesus, how could he have been such an asshole as to let this escape him? This, after all, was what he really needed, what really turned him on. His wife certainly had never done anything for him, nor had that vacuous hole between her legs. How could Tad ever get sufficiently turned on to a pair of thighs parted only by a gash when he'd been so used to a sprouting of cock like this one he was now sucking? He'd been a fool to allow himself to be sucked into thinking he could play straight, adapt completely to the heterosexual world. Oh, he'd fucked Jocelyn, played at being a straight stud. He'd even gotten her pregnant, which had made Tad's father happy. But Tad still hungered for cock, and he could hate himself for tying himself down with first a wife and now a child. Christ, why couldn't life have been one big fuck, suck, and screw as it had during those four years of college with Blane? Why had all of those good times ended? Or had they actually been as good as Tad now remembered them?

Whether or not the passage of time had made the past seem far rosier than it had actually been, Tad did know for certain that there was one thing his memory hadn't exaggerated, and that was the lusciousness of Blane's cock. The thick prick, now almost lost up Tad's mouth, still held its old fascination, could still make Tad hot and horny just with the taste of it.

Tad pulled his face that last fraction of an inch over Blane's rod, his nose pressing Blane's balls and his chin in the black crotch hair of his lover's lower belly, just as Blane's mouth had reached the bottom of Tad's cock, his nose into Tad's balls, his chin still pressing the muscles of Tad's belly.

The two were in harmony. The two were one. They were once again united, cock-to-mouth and mouth-to-cock, as they had been so many times in the past. It was an exhilarating experience to remember old passions and experience their resurrections.

Tad let his head begin its fall back down toward the bed. He let his lips drag halfway down the neck of Blane's cock, then pushed back up to the man's balls. He dropped again, this time a little farther than before, quickly reversing to gum toward the root of the cock.

Blane worked his hands beneath Tad's ass, his fingers sliding into the crease formed by the two muscular buns. He probed for the pucker with his fingertips as his head simultaneously rode back up the wrist-sized shaft of Tad's dick. He located the opening of the ass when his face was once again plowing deep over the hard-on. He poked for entrance when his throat was clogged with all of Blane's cock. The bung protested the entrance of an unlubricated finger, but Blane persisted and was aided by a wiggling of Tad's butt that worked the asshole over the finger even as the finger was working up the

asshole.

Again Tad's face rode upward between Blane's thighs, his mouth even more anxious for cock now that his butt was plugged with Blane's finger. His eyes were open, watching his progress. Looking cross-eyed at the neck of the cock his mouth was claiming, Tad could hardly believe that the throbbing mass actually fit so securely in his throat. Tad sucked to verify to himself the easiness of the fit. His pursed lips reached the root of the cock, giving it another good gumming. His tongue whipped the spit-wetted dick, washing all of its buried inches with even more swirling saliva. His mouth was stretched so much that he doubted he could have gotten his jaws to yawn any wider than they already were.

Tad's cock got only stiffer as Blane sucked back up the stem. Blane's mouth glided up to the pulpy knob, paused, dived, paused, slipped again up the thick shaft of the cock. He moved quickly into an easy bouncing cadence, timing his sucking to coincide with those of Tad's, the latter being slower because of his more awkward position.

Blane sucked on the pulsating prick, his finger twisting up Tad's bung. With each suck, he was acutely aware of Tad's rubbery lips at work on his prong. Time certainly hadn't paled Blane's ability to enjoy with Tad, had it? They'd been good before, and they were good now. Blane

tried consciously to keep relaxed, wanting the first sex of their reunion to last. At the same time, he found relaxation virtually impossible. Tad's swinging on his cock was making him go all mushy inside. That mushiness would soon convert to a tautening of muscles. Blane knew ecstasy would soon follow after that.

Tad had the shaft of cock sucked right up to the fat balls, his tongue continuing to lash the bulky mass. He tasted more salt on his tongue, considered it only the hors d'oeuvre before the main course to follow.

Both men were pros at giving head. In college, they had sucked off each other enough times alone to remove them from any amateur standings. As it happened, they'd both had enough experience even before college that their first sexual union with each other hadn't been that of two fumbling novices. After college, after they'd both gone their own ways, neither had remained celibate. Blane had temporarily resumed his affair with Greg Bravo and later with Greg's brother. Tad had gone on the prowl for a man even before the cum on his honeymoon sheets had gotten dry enough to flake.

As the suck progressed, each man renewing his acquaintance with a cock he'd once known as well as his own, each was able to utilize more and more of his expertise to swell those pleasures already running rife through his

partner's body. Tongues whipped cocks, lips gummed, cheeks massaged, throats vacuumed with skill. Each man teased the other closer and closer to climax, at the same time trying to judge how his own nearness to orgasm corresponded with the nearness of his companion. They both worked for a simultaneous eruption, confident they could pull it off.

Blane dragged his taut lips over the cock, suctioning loose outer skin around the blood glutted inner core. Over and back, over and back, his hungry mouth masturbating the spit drenched dick. He corkscrewed his head over the cock, his finger twisting up Tad's asshole.

"It was still good, wasn't it?" Tad said. It wasn't a question but a statement. Blane didn't answer. It had been good, and both men knew it.

"Do you ever wonder how it would have been if we'd only tried a little harder?" Tad asked finally. "The two of us were really so scared about all of this, weren't we?"

"No use mulling over what could have been, is there?" Blane asked. Yes, he'd thought of how it might have been, but things never worked out. Blane seemed to have fairly bad luck with the people he cared for. There'd been Greg who, despite his ability to give himself partially to Blane, was really too traumatized still by his early gang rape to ever form a permanent gay relationship with anyone. There'd been Tad

who'd been too immature at one time and who was now married with the added complications of a child on the way. And Jamie? What of Jamie? The kid was so young, but he wasn't so young that he didn't know how to please another man in bed. Jamie was special to Blane, but Blane couldn't help looking on the kid more as his younger brother than a lover. That came from having been so close to Greg when Jamie was struggling through puberty and early adolescence.

"So, shall I tell you what brings me here?" Tad asked, realizing Blane was right. You couldn't live in the past. Tad had made his bed and had to lie in it. That thought was somehow amusing, and Tad couldn't help smiling to himself because of it.

"I already asked, and you told me you'd come just to see me."

"That's true," Tad admitted. "But there's a bit more to it." Blane stretched on the bed until his spine popped as a result.

"Actually something fell into my lap the other day, and I immediately thought about you. How you used to tell me every night how great it was to be out of this environment, even if it was only for a few years. I remembered how you'd trotted back here to try and save a few souls. Have you?"

“Saved any souls?” Blane laughed. “I’m afraid my days of such illusion have long gone.” It was easier to admit that now than it would have been a few years ago when he’d been fresh with enthusiasm for his project to rescue the kids of the slums.

“Well, you’re about to make your contribution to at least a few young studs’ salvation’s,” Tad said. “You got a few poor, deprived kids around here that you think deserve getting out, maybe for college and the whole bit?”

“You’re serious?”

“I can’t guarantee they’ll stay away from the old neighborhood,” Tad said. “After all, you came back, didn’t you?”

“Let’s forget about me for a while. What did you have in mind?”

“I thought maybe I’d like to get fucked for quick beginners.”

“That wasn’t exactly what I meant.”

Tad smiled, thinking how strange things worked out. He’d been thinking of Blane about the time this assignment had been dumped into his lap. How much easier knowing Blane was going to make all of it. What did Tad know about the poor, neglected riffraff that hung around the

streets just waiting to mug little old ladies? The closest Tad had ever gotten to this kind of environment was going to bed with Blane Tanners.

“I know that wasn’t exactly what you meant,” Tad said, turning to his belly, “but I’ve decided, on second thought, that there’ll be plenty of time for us to talk over that aspect of my visit a little later. Right now, I’d actually rather have a fuck. You haven’t lost any of that well-remembered virility in your old age, have you?”

“Fat chance of that,” Blane said, rolling to cover Tad’s prone body, his cock had already regaining the hardness it had lost after blasting up Tad’s mouth.

CHAPTER FIVE

Tyler slowed the car, passed the young hitchhiker and then pulled over along the side of the road in front of him. The kid ran to close the distance. Tyler pushed the button to lower the automatic window on the passenger side. He waited until the kid's face appeared in it. The youth was blond. Jeff was blond.

"Need a lift?"

"Thanks," Jamie said, opening the door and getting in. "Nice care you got here. Foreign?"

"Italian," Tyler answered, moving the auto back onto the highway. The road was devoid of traffic and had seemed that way for the past hundred miles of driving. "How far are you going?"

"Estling. Know where that's at?"

The name sounded vaguely familiar, but Tyler couldn't place it.

"Is it on this highway?" Tyler asked, adjusting the rear-view mirror so that it wasn't focused on the road behind but on the kid in the seat beside him. He tried to guess the kid's age. He found it was difficult to pinpoint any satisfactory estimate. The boy looked very young, but there was an air about him of a maturity that went beyond mere physical appearances.

“There’s a turn-off in Petersborough,” Jamie answered. “Think you’ll be goin’ that far?”

“I’m heading all the way to the coast,” Tyler said. “If Petersborough is on the way, sure I can drop you off there.”

“That’d be great, man,” Jamie said, settling back into the plush bucket seat. There was a smell of leather in the car. The aroma was heavy and slightly aphrodisiacal. Jamie felt enveloped by the luxury. This was the way to go. It sure as hell beat riding in a train with a bunch of turkeys. Although, Blane was likely worried and furious upon discovering Jamie’s disappearance.

“You wouldn’t be a runaway, would you?” Tyler asked, making it sound like the joke it was. He was curious, however, as to what the kid was doing out here in the middle of nowhere.

“Me?” Jamie laughed. “I really look like one?”

“So what’s a clean-cut kid like you doing thumbing out here in the boondocks?”

“Must be the haircut an’ new clothes,” Jamie said. Beneath him, all around him, there was the purr, of the expensive auto. It was an almost sexual experience to be sitting here with this attractive stranger in the private little world made by the Italian car. “If you’d a seen me a coupla days ago, you prob’ly wouldn’ta

stopped the car.”

“I doubt that,” Tyler said, turning from the mirror to get a good look at his companion. Again, he found himself thinking of Jeff. He’d been torn in two directions when he’d gotten word from his father that he was to leave the logging crew and report home. He’d been sorry to go but happy to get away just the same. He wouldn’t have missed his experiences with Jeff for anything, but at the same time it had been a huge responsibility bringing a young boy out. And Jeff had been a novice, even if he had come on like gangbusters during their first encounter. Tyler didn’t know how bias other people could be in initiating a neophyte into the mysteries of gay sex, but he couldn’t be. He’d felt very protective toward the young boy who was the age of his own son. Simultaneously, he had realized that he had no right to be possessive toward him. In a way, it was probably better for both of them that it was forced to an ending this way. Jeff would soon discover that, no matter what he might presently think, Tyler wasn’t the ultimate last word in sex partners. It wouldn’t take Jeff too long to discover that, either. Jeff was an attractive, sensuous young man, and Tyler had left him with enough experience to cope with anything in bed. Tyler just wouldn’t be there to see it, and that realization had somehow released a heavy burden from the man’s shoulders.

“Oh, I guess I didn’t look all that crappy,” Jamie said, deciding he didn’t want to give the

impression he was a bum in disguise. After all, despite the fact that the money hadn't been abundant enough to throw away, Greg had always seen that his younger brother had clean clothes and cash for a haircut. Compared to some of the other people in the neighborhood, the Bravos were sitting pretty. "I had to get spiffed up more'n usual so some rich guy wouldn't stick his nose too far up in the air when he met me."

"That all sounds a bit complicated. Is it?" Tyler asked, putting his foot on the accelerator. He could tell the effect the car had on the boy. There was certainly something to be said for that old adage that some men enjoyed cars more than they did women.

"Some rich guy's holdin' an athletic competition for some of us poor kids. The winners're s'posed to come away with college scholarships. I figure there's gotta be a gimmick somewhere. No one gives somethin' for nothin'."

"This guy can't be too rich if he's making all of his competitors walk," Tyler commented, his foot growing heavier on the gas. He could see the way the young blond's body was being pressed back into the sensuous grip of all the expensive upholstery. The kid liked the speed, the faint vibrations of the motor, the smell of the leather. His face was noticeably flushed.

"Oh, we had train tickets, but I rode far as Hilltown and then cashed in my ticket. Figured I

could make it the rest of the way by foot an' keep the extra for spendin' cash."

"Hope that doesn't get you off to a bad start with your rich benefactor," Tyler said, his eyes partially on the road and partially on the speedometer.

"I don't give a shit what the guy thinks," Jamie said. "It wasn't my idea to come to this thing anyway. I don't plan on comin' away with nothin' but the couple dollars I ripped off those rail tickets."

"You don't mind my driving a little fast, do you?" Tyler asked, knowing the answer to that question before he had even asked it.

"Nah," Jamie said quickly, and then added after a short pause, "I kinda like it."

"So, what kind of an athletic jock are you?" Tyler asked.

"I do pretty good at swimmin'," Jamie said, his eyes fascinated by the way the trees were whipping by outside the car's window. It was weird, but he had no real sense of speed. He was lulled by the persistent low humming of the motor, by the softness of the seat, by the hypnotic pounding of his heart against his ribcage. "I'm pretty good on the track, too. Got some good trainin' from Blane Tanners. Ever hear of him?"

“Afraid not. Is he good?”

“He useta be real good,” Jamie said, actually proud of Blane’s past exploits on the track field. “Broke a lot of college records, an’ a couple still stand.”

“It’s because of him that you’re on your way to Estling?”

“Him an’ my brother are tight. They’re lookin’ to get me outta the city. They’re sure I’m gonna end up a typical juvenile delinquent.”

“And you? What do you think?”

“Who knows?” Jamie shrugged. “Maybe they’re right. Maybe I will.”

“So maybe you’ll win one of those scholarships and eventually head for college.”

“Shit, Blane had four years of college,” Jamie said. “That didn’t keep him from comin’ back to the old neighborhood. He’s back there now, runnin’ a crummy recreation center an’ tryin’ to save all our souls.”

“I take it you don’t approve?” Tyler asked. He saw an upcoming curve that seemed a little too sharp to take at the speed they were traveling. It was strange how tempting it was to try

and make it anyway, but Tyler's better judgment got the best of him, as it always did. He eased off the pressure of his foot on the gas pedal, letting the car coast into the curve.

"He was an asshole to come back," Jamie said, bank on the subject of Blane.

"You're awfully young to be such a cynic," Tyler said.

"Cynic? That the big word for it?"

"No matter what the word, you're too young to be one."

"You grow up fast where I live," Jamie said. The car had slowed to a normal speed, but the adrenaline of the fast ride was still active in the boy's veins. The feeling was as good as speed – the drug variety. "You didn't grow up knowin' too many hard times, did ya?"

"We were very poor," Tyler lied. "I vowed early that I'd get out and, make something out of myself."

"Sure, man," Jeff said facetiously, not for a minute being pulled in by Tyler's line of hogwash.

"You don't sound too convinced."

"No one gets outta the slums," Jamie said. "I don't believe none of those phony success

stories. I don't know one guy from my neighborhood who ever made it anywhere for long. Shit, you're so used to it, you feel funny walkin' down a street where there ain't a chance of gettin' mugged."

"Why is it you don't look anything like a juvenile delinquent, I wonder?" Tyler asked. "I somehow can't picture you as ever looking too seedy even with longer hair and dirtier clothes."

"Man, you don't know the half of it," Jamie said, feeling somehow slighted that Tyler didn't see him as a delinquent. He didn't really know why that derogatory label seemed suddenly so attractive to him, but it did. "Kids in the streets learn a shitload of things early."

"Like what?" Tyler persisted, amused in that he sensed he had somehow disappointed the kid in not seeing him as one of the typical slum rats one usually pictured as inhabiting the streets of the ghetto.

"Like sex," Jamie said, picking a subject which he thought would have the biggest shock value. He also picked it, because he'd gotten a hard-on while the car was at high speeds, and his cock was still solid within his pants. He'd momentarily thought of mentioning the fact that he had been involved in a robbery, but didn't really want the guy to get upset and dump him by the side of the road for fear of getting stuck up and robbed.

“You mean your balls have actually dropped?” Tyler asked, deciding to exchange verbal shock for verbal shock. The kid’s affected macho was faintly amusing.

“Dropped a long time ago,” Jamie answered.

Tyler gave an obvious glance at the bulge of Jamie’s crotch and then caught Jamie’s eye before turning his attention back to the highway.

“Yes, I would say they had indeed dropped,” Tyler commented, unable to keep the smile off his lips.

Jamie wondered if he was embarrassed at Tyler’s blatant stare and decided he couldn’t be. Jamie didn’t remember ever having been embarrassed by anything. Now, he decided he was just a bit surprised. Tyler’s stare had been startlingly obvious and something Jamie hadn’t been expecting under the circumstances. Jamie had always believed that Tyler’s action was indicative only of the lower class. The evident expense of the car, the apparent affluence of the driver, had somehow eliminated initially all passable sexual aspects from this particular encounter. Even though Blane had told Jamie that the morals of the rich were even lower than the scum in any slum’s gutters, even though there was always talk of finding a rich sugar daddy to take someone out of the back streets

and set him up in an apartment across town, Jamie had actually had very little experience with people beyond those within his own immediate neighborhood. Jamie, for the first time in his life, actually began to feel uncomfortable and definitely out of his element.

“I hope I didn’t embarrass you,” Tyler said, his smile widening despite himself. After all, it had been Jamie who had brought up the subject of sex to begin with. “The car still affects me that way, too, sometimes.”

“Affects you what way?” Jamie asked, sorry he had asked almost as soon as the question was out of his mouth. He wondered if Tyler would give him a straight-forward answer.

“Gives me a hard-on,” Tyler said.

Jamie didn’t answer. He settled deeper into the soft leather of the seat. He didn’t answer, because he frankly didn’t know what to answer. Maybe all of this was just harmless chit-chat. Maybe this was how everyone talked who drove Italian sports cars. Maybe there were no inherent innuendoes. Jamie was suddenly afraid he was going to make a fool out of himself, and he didn’t want that. He was enjoying the pleasure of riding in such comfort. He was even enjoying his companion’s company. He had frankly found himself on the verge of panicking out on that deserted road. It had all been so strange, what with all those

trees and not a building in sight. Jamie had been born and raised in the city atmosphere. He really wasn't used to places without wall-to-wall concrete. Tyler, with his car, had arrived in the nick of time.

"Don't worry," Tyler said, noticing the uneasiness that had taken over since the youth had shifted the conversation to the subject of sex. "You have nothing to worry about from me. I'm a perfectly harmless man with a son who's probably about your age."

About your age. It had been basically what he had said to Jeff that first day out in the woods. The phrase hadn't stopped him then. Would it stop him now? Tyler gave another quick glance in Jamie's direction, trying to read something in the boy's face. Tyler then began chastising himself and turned his attention back to the road. A car passed them, coming from the opposite direction. It was the first car Tyler had seen in over an hour of driving.

Tyler knew what he was thinking, and he was frankly disgusted by his thoughts. He'd just been congratulating himself but seconds before on how lucky he'd been to sever his sexual ties with Jeff, and already he was thinking of sex with this young kid who, on closer examination, might prove to be just as young as Jeff had been. Tyler should have never given in to Jeff that day in the woods. Once he'd overcome his intuitive taboo about tricking with mere

youngsters, he'd broken down his defenses for time and eternity. What was he now? A man destined to seek out youth and innocence? Still, what kind of innocence could this kid have, despite his evident youth? The boy had admitted himself that he'd had sexual initiation early, and a kid didn't hitchhike too long on any road, going anywhere, without learning the facts of life damned fast. That would have especially been the case with someone as good-looking and evidently well-hung as this young stud.

"My name is Tyler, by the way," Tyler said finally. "I don't think we ever got around to official introductions, did we?"

"Mine's Jamie."

Jamie – Christ, the kid's name even started with the same first initial. Jeff. Jamie. Was Tyler falling into some kind of perverted groove?

The two rode awhile without saying anything. Jamie began to feel more uncomfortable in the silence, sorry that he'd allowed himself to get carried away. What had he been trying to pull by talking about how it was back there in the city?

Tyler undoubtedly wasn't interested. And what had he been doing by bringing up sex with a complete stranger? Still, after a few minutes to think back, Tyler hadn't been at all shocked or put off by Jamie's introduction of sex into

the conversation. In fact, Tyler had been quite fast in pursuing the subject.

Jamie stole a quick glance at the space between Tyler's opened thighs, thinking he could actually discern a boner jutting downward along the left thigh. But then, hadn't Tyler already made the harmless comment that the car often had a sexual effect on him, also?

Tyler's cock was hard all right, but it wasn't the car's fault by any means. The man had found himself going back over the things he'd done to and with Jeff over the past three weeks. It wasn't so much those thoughts which had made Tyler's cock spring into a hard-on. What had actually been the prime stimulus had been the man's spontaneous substitution of Jamie's face and body into the place of Jeff in much of his present fantasizing.

"You don't look old enough to have a son my age," Jamie said, thinking suddenly of how old his own father had been when he'd died.

"I married young," Tyler said, glad Jamie had at least decided to again come to life.

"Where's he now? Your son, I mean. Home?"

"God, you might think it's horrible, but I don't even know. The last I heard, he and his mother were in Los Angeles or Las Vegas."

“You divorced?” Jamie asked. He’d known a lot of kids who had come from broken homes. He always felt sorry for them. His mother and father had always been on the best of terms.

“Yes, we’re divorced,” Tyler said, trying to remember what his wife looked like now, what his son had looked like the last time he’d seen him. He couldn’t clearly remember either.

“I’m sorry,” Jamie said.

“Don’t be,” Tyler answered, momentarily lost in his own thoughts. “She did absolutely nothing for me after a while... in bed or otherwise.”

“But you had a son,” Jamie reminded. What could be butcher than fucking a woman and getting your own son? And yet, Blane’s friend, that Mr. Thaner, he’d had a wife, and Jamie had had the feeling that he and Blane had still been making it together in the bedroom.

“I was playing a game,” Tyler said. “Life is full of little games, and doesn’t it sometimes get damned tiresome playing them? Wouldn’t it be nice if two people could meet, like each other, and have sex without going through the fucking rigmarole of game-playing?”

“Yeah,” Jamie answered.

Tyler suddenly pulled the car to the side of the

road and stopped it amid the sounds of burning rubber and flying gravel.

“Do you actually believe that it’s even possible to meet any person and not go through the game-playing?”

“Sure,” Jamie answered. And what was Tyler really asking him? Could the two of them have sex, just like that, just because they both found each other physically attractive, just because they both had hard-ons? Did Tyler find Jamie attractive? Jamie was realizing quickly that he was sexually attracted to Tyler. Tyler had the older butch looks that Jamie had always found appealing in another man. That Tyler’s masculinity could still hold up in such expensive surroundings was an excellent proof of the man’s aura of maleness.

“Would you like to drive the car?” Tyler asked.

“Me?” Jamie replied automatically.

Oh, he’d driven a car once or twice, usually after he and a couple of other kids had swiped one and gone joyriding for a few blocks before dumping it, but he’d never been behind the wheel of a machine like this one. The very thought of having all that horsepower at his command was slightly heady. His throat went tight, his hands went sweaty. More adrenaline ejected into the boy’s system, and he felt giddy.

“I want to go fast,” Tyler said, “Real fast. I want

to go on a ride with you. Just you, and me, and this high-powered baby. Down the road. I want to experience now. Are you game?"

Tyler didn't wait for an answer. Leaving the motor idling, he opened the door and got out, walking to the passenger side. Jamie opened his door and came out to meet the man. They stood facing each other, each one's eyes dilated with anticipation of what was to come. Tyler knew he'd always been a bit afraid behind the wheel of this car, and that was why it had never gone as high as it could. Even a couple of minutes before, the auto had been nowhere near its peak speed. Tyler sensed Jamie would take them faster if just to prove that he had the guts Tyler was apparently attributing to him.

Tyler took Jamie's right hand, pulling it quickly to the hardness at his crotch.

"Take me fast!" Tyler said. "So fast that this hunk of meat here in my pants can cream from the excitement. Do you think you can trip me out that far?"

"I can fuckin' try," Jamie said, excited by the feel of the ridge of hard cock flesh beneath the bulge of Tyler's trousers.

"Do more than try," Tyler said. "Do it!" He dropped Jamie's hand from his groin and pushed past him into the auto. Shutting the door behind him, Tyler affixed the seat and shoulder

belts to secure his body.

Jamie went around to the driver's side and got in.

It would be a ride both of them would never forget, while, at the same time, it would be a ride that neither of them actually could remember. It would come back to them later in life as one of their most thrilling and exciting moments. It would be a blurring recollection of fear, gut-knotting fear that could paralyze the belly with sickening nausea. But there was also a recalling of a simultaneous ecstasy that was somehow actually sexual.

They'd begun slowly, amid a grinding of gears as Tyler talked Jamie through the controls. Then the car had begun to gain speed, and Tyler had felt the force of their movement pushing him back into the soft glove leather of his seat. The trees outside had become a misting of green. The divider dashes in the center of the highway merged into one pulsing trail of white. Somewhere in his mind, Tyler could recall hearing the buzzer that he'd been told would sound when the car was nearing its peak velocity – a buzzer he hadn't heard until then and would never hear again afterwards.

The road had dropped several times into little dips, and the car had actually become airborne. The rollercoaster effect brought Tyler's belly up to his throat and left it there. The highway sloped upward into a small hill. The car was going so fast the grade didn't even slow it down.

It had been ecstasy! And then, there on the crest of the hill, the ecstasy had mingled with the fear, and the fear had emerged the dominant. Tyler actually knew the noise in his ears was his own resounding scream of panic.

A car had been illegally passing on the upgrade. As Tyler's car crested the hill, it was destined to encounter both highway lanes full of moving metal. Jamie, suspecting there was nothing to be done, didn't even take his foot off the gas. He would later try to remember if he hadn't actually shut his eyes.

What happened to save them? It was one of those things which was somehow unexplainable unless one merely accepted the fact that some high entity had apparently decided it just wasn't these two mortals' time to go. Tyler would say he thought the passing car had managed to pull back into its proper lane. Jamie would say that both cars had opened to either side of the road while he went through the center.

Suddenly, the car was just rushing full speed down a deserted highway. Jamie, his heart in his throat, put his foot on the brake. There was a squeal of tires and the stench of burning rubber as the car slowed slightly.

There was a dirt road that forked off from the main one. Jamie aimed the car for it, feeling the resulting jolt as the auto left the asphalt and hit

the dirt. The road was narrow, seemed to be closing in on each side of them. There was a fence across the road, seemingly running to meet them.

Jamie's foot went down on the brake hard. The car shuddered, skidded, turned like a top in the roadway and came to a jolting stop. Before Jamie knew what he was doing, he was out of the car and running. There was dust everywhere, billows of it that rose all around him, cutting off everything. He smelled it, tasted it, became lost in it.

The boy stopped. He was panting, breathing hard. He felt like he was going to puke. He dry heaved, realizing somewhere in his mind that he still had his hard-on. He thought that was somehow a bit sick.

Jamie felt the strong pressure on his shoulder as he was turned abruptly. He saw Tyler in front of him, the man's eyes wild and dilated.

"You could have killed us!" Tyler screamed, his hand coming out to strike Jamie hard along the side of his face. There was a resounding noise as flesh collided against flesh.

Strangely, Jamie felt no pain. After the blow, he just stood there waiting, anticipating something. What, he didn't know, but he knew it would happen. He could feel the premonition in his guts, in his whole adrenaline-hyped body.

Tyler reached out both hands and took hold of Jamie's shirt. He pulled, ripping the material and popping the buttons. He stood, staring at the young blond's naked chest and belly, at the dust and the dirt that was streaking the boy's handsome face and platinum-blond hair.

"Oh, Christ!" Tyler mumbled, his voice coming out weak and childish.

And within seconds, the two were in each other's arms, collapsing in a rolling heap of tangled arms and legs to the ground. They kissed, tasting the earth on their tongues. The world around them was viewed through a fog of minute particles hanging in the air about them.

Then they were naked, their clothes somehow stripped free. Buttons had been ripped from material, cloth ripped in their hurry to undress. Their bare flesh soiled with the dust they continued to roll in, their cocks becoming muddy with a mess of dirt and natural lubricant that had leaked from the cocks in great gushings during the preceding minutes.

Tyler was hot. He'd been high on amyl once and had felt something like he did now. His heart was loud in his chest, his cock was hard and throbbing, and he had a need for release battling within him. He grunted like an animal as he felt his cock push into a clutching of warm spasming flesh. He vaguely realized that Jamie was on his belly beneath him, Tyler's cock

rammed deeply up the boy's tight young ass. How it got there, Tyler didn't know. But it was there, and Tyler somehow needed it there, knowing intuitively that what his cock found up that ass was the only thing that was going to save him from his madness.

Jamie fought for a breath of air amid the dirt that clogged his lungs. There was a fire up his ass, and he'd squealed like a stuck pig with the lightning of it. His body was beset by so many concurrent sensations that he could separate none of them. His mind refused to focus. Jamie somehow imagined he might still be in the car, still speeding with it down the road. So, what was the cause of the pain in his butt, the pressing that was squashing him into the earth-smelling hardness beneath his belly?

Jamie was being fucked. Tyler was on top of him, the man's huge dong, lubricated with mud and pre-cum, was frantically pumping Jamie's asshole. The boy's chest and stomach were working into the ground, his cock, having already leaked copious droolings of pre-cum, burrowing in the warm mud of its own making.

There was pain. There was pleasure. There was an intermingling of the two. Both the man and the boy fought to return to reality, each succeeding in varying degrees of non-success.

"Rape me!" Jamie squealed, knowing for certain

that it was cock up his butt, but not knowing whose cock: Greg's? Blane's? The man's in the car?

And where was the car? Jamie's cheek pressed into the ground. He could actually believe he saw the car, sitting askew in the roadway a few yards from him. So, he wasn't in the car then. He was on the ground. He was getting screwed. Tyler, that butch, studly bastard, had jumped on to ride him. The world was topsy-turvy, but Jamie didn't care. The pain and the fear were both fading, becoming lost amid the one overpowering sensation that was moving to dominate all other feelings within the boy's young body.

Tyler's cock jammed balls deep once more up Jamie's ravaged butt, the man grinding his belly into the boy's asscheeks, revolving his hips so that his cock twisted up the tight asshole. His hips rose and fell, rose and fell. He fucked frantically, aware that his pleasure was building, but still a long way from actual orgasm.

Tyler's cock coasted deep up the butt, gliding over the prostate and into the depths beyond it. The knob of his cock pulled after it inch upon inch of hard meat. The crotch hair crowding the base of Tyler's cock was pressing indents into the firm flesh of Jamie's buns. Tyler yanked his hips upward, feeling the luxurious exit of his cock, the incessant gumming of the boy's asshole as it slipped into the groove made by

the flaring of his spongy knob.

It was hot, hot because they were screwing full in the sun, the rays managing to get through even the shroud of settling dust, and, also, they were hot because of the heat burning within them. Their bodies turned wet with sweat. Perspiration oozed from passion-dilated pores and mingled with the dirt. They became streaked with the mud like savage barbarians rutting in the dawning of time.

Jamie's hands clutched for handfuls of dirt, compressing them to finger-etched balls of earth within his gripping. His ass continued to be battered by Tyler's frenzied humping. The boy groaned, letting the experience of the moment take hold of him, surrendering to it. He couldn't remember ever feeling as he was feeling now. He was still hyped from the incident with the car. He was on a natural high. His prick was hard, and his ass was full of hard cock. Jamie had temporarily exited the world he knew, had been thrust into a world that was completely new to him – a world the boy somehow doubted he would be lucky ever to have a passage into again.

Tyler fucked, aware as he'd been from the beginning that some outside force seemed to have control of his body. His hips humped Jamie's prone body with a will all their own. It was all Tyler could do to survive the twisting spirals that were tying sensuous knots in his guts. He

wanted it all to end, simultaneously hoping it would continue to go on forever.

Tyler's muscled chest heaved with his need for more oxygen. The sweat which had formed on his forehead began dripping through the mud to sting his eyes. There was a dull aching in the depths of his belly and a tightness that constricted his chest and throat. Muscles throughout the man's body twitched uncontrollably. He wondered if he'd gone suddenly spastic, commenced a seizure while buried up this young butt.

Tyler continued to fuck, his body aching with the strain of enduring the ride to eruption. The ecstasy always managed to keep one step ahead of the actual discomfort. It was a force to drive Tyler ever onward with the hope of someday achieving that ultimate, shattering fulfillment he desired.

Tyler shut his eyes, wondering who or what had control of him, who or what was dictating the frantic fucking cadence of his hips, who or what had given him the energy to continue. He progressed with his ride of Jamie's ass, his scrotum long ago contacted to a degree which had yanked his cum-bulged balls flush to the base of his pumping cock.

Tyler heard the wheezing of his own gasps for air as his pelvis pounded his cock up the ass in a seemingly higher gear than ever before. He

pushed and pulled his cock in a violent series of thrusts and withdrawals in and out of the clutching butt. The spasming vise of Jamie's asshole masturbated the cock that kicked it. The walls of the bung gripped, clutched, chewed on the cock that slipped back and forth inside it.

Jamie's body was bruised from the attack. His chest and belly were scratched by the pebbles that speckled the ground beneath him. His buttcheeks had gone black and blue with the pounding. Again and again, Jamie experienced the plugging and the emptying of his asshole. The boy was numbed by the combination of pain and pleasure. He wondered if there would ever be an end to it, wandered if he actually wanted there to be an end to it.

"Please!" Jamie begged. Was it a plea to continue the kick or to bring everything hurriedly to its cataclysmic conclusion?

"Yes!" Tyler bellowed in reply. Yes, what, he didn't really know. It wasn't up to him to say what happened. It had been taken out of his hands from the beginning by those primeval forces that could stay forever dormant in some men. Tyler was no longer a modern man. He was an animal. Jamie was an animal. They were screwing for one purpose and one purpose only – the satisfaction of their powerful, driving list for fulfillment.

It all ended in an explosion of the senses, a

rupturing of nerve ends. As if struck by lightning, Tyler's body went stiff, shook as with palsy. He tried to grunt, but nothing would come out. For a brief minute, he began to doubt that even his cum was going to spurt free. The deluge of jizz seemed somehow dammed, unable to exit. But then, suddenly, overpoweringly, it came – gallons and gallons of the opaque mess spilling out of Tyler's cock and into Jamie's twitching ass. Like the beast Tyler thought he was, he sank his teeth deep into Jamie's neck, tasting the saltiness of the young boy's blood which his biting brought to the surface.

Tyler's teeth clamped tightly into his shoulder, Tyler's cock lost and exploding deep up in his ass, Jamie found his own release. Even as Tyler was spasming his climax atop Jamie, the boy's nuts blew their wad. The resulting pleasure was so great that the boy screamed. He thrust his butt upward hard into Tyler's groin. He screamed again, flopping uncontrollably like a fish out of water. His whole being was engulfed in the pleasure of the moment. For a brief instant, Jamie actually thought he had died.

CHAPTER SIX

One last time, Tyler almost asked Jamie how he could get hold of him in Estling. Once again, Tyler found himself hesitating, realizing it would probably be better to cut this relationship off here just as he'd severed his relationship with Jeff. The one had lasted three weeks, this one for only a day and a night, but, surprisingly enough, it was this second one which Tyler considered the more dangerous. All Tyler's sex with Jamie, commencing with the weird and unsettling mating in the dust of that deserted road, and ending with the blow job Jamie had given him just before their arrival in Petersborough, had been more intense than any sex Tyler could remember. Tyler had decided Jeff and Jamie were about the same age, but there was no way Jamie was the novice Jeff had been. When Jamie had said he had learned a lot about sex in the area where he'd grown up, he hadn't been just whistling Dixie.

Jamie had lingered by the opened car window after Tyler had dropped him off, as if expecting Tyler to ask about another time and place to get together. After all, people didn't have wild sex like they had had very often. You'd think someone would be anxious for another session of the same however, Tyler hadn't said anything. Jamie thought he knew the inner struggle Tyler was waging with himself. Jamie had gotten the distinct impression that Tyler was disturbed about their age difference. As

far as Jamie was concerned, such a hang-up was ridiculous, but try telling that to a man who couldn't help thinking of his own son every time he fucked another eighteen-year-old.

Jamie had commented that he hoped they'd meet again, and when Tyler hadn't take up on that obvious cue but had only answered that he hoped so, too, Jamie had made himself accept the fact that this was indeed the end. He waved a final goodbye and headed off down the road.

No matter how big the kink Blane would have in his ass because Jamie had cut out by himself for a few hours, Jamie was glad he'd started hitchhiking. He watched the car disappear, and the boy turned to follow the arrow sign designating Estling at twenty-four miles distance. He began to figure out how he would explain to Blane about another set of new clothes. He certainly couldn't tell him the truth – that his shirt had been ripped to shreds by an ardent admirer, that he had checked into a motel to take a shower and indulge in an all-night sex orgy. Blane wouldn't have understood any of it.

After Jamie had been lost to the rear-view mirror, Tyler had felt suddenly depressed. He began immediately to wish he hadn't been such an asshole. He would have liked to have seen Jamie again. Why had the kid been so fucking young?

Tyler drove as far as Grafston and stopped to

eat, then called in at the office.

As it turned out, W.J. wasn't in when Tyler called. W.J. was out of town on business. However, he had left word that his son was to contact Tad Thaner immediately. There was a number Tad could be reached at.

Tyler hung up and was dialing the new number when he noticed the area code corresponded to the one on the telephone he was using. He was still pondering that when the operator came on the line and the phone suddenly began ringing at the other end.

“Emerald Lake Lodge.”

That rang a bell. The lodge had been sitting on a tract of land Franklander Lumber had purchased about five years before. They'd only wanted the timber on the adjoining acreage, and the lodge had been part of the sale. Unfortunately for Franklander Lumber, the ecologists began raising all holy hell before the ink on the sale had even gone dry. The land happened to have a grove of redwood trees that had been around since before Columbus. That hadn't been any real news to W.J. Franklander. It was that grove of trees, among others, which had made the purchase of the land so damned attractive. He had planned to cut everything down and convert it all into so many board feet of finished lumber. However, before W.J. could get his men and machinery in, the people of

Estling and the surrounding area had come out in full force to stop the sacrilege.

Estling – that was where Tyler had heard that town's name before. Tyler had thought when Jamie had dropped the name on him that it had sounded familiar. Now it clicked. Five years after Franklander Lumber had bought the land around the Emerald Lake Lodge, they still hadn't gotten the lumber they'd wanted. It was all tied up in the courts with a maze of suits and counter-suits.

Tyler asked the person who answered to get him Tad Thaner, and he listened now as movement on the other end told him somebody had again picked up the receiver.

"Tyler?" came the familiar voice. Tad Thaner and Tyler were old friends, actually a bit more than friends. They'd had their little flings, beginning shortly after Franklander Lumber had bought out the company run by Tad's father. It had been one of the provisions of the sale that Tad came with the company, and it had turned out to be one of the better things which had happened to Franklander Lumber. Tad was young, but he was good. He'd moved up in the company since he'd joined it. He would go further, too, and, what's more, Tyler was glad for him. He liked Tad, liked him very much.

"What brings you to the Emerald Lake Lodge?" Tyler asked.

“The same thing that’s going to bring you here,” Tad answered. “It’s a new project of your father’s.”

“Oh, Jesus, what now?”

“Why don’t I tell you when you get here?” He drove fast back to Petersborough, trying to rationalize his hurry as he sped along. He tried to tell himself that he was anxious to hear what new brainchild his old man had cooked up, but he also knew there was another reason for his speed. He had hopes of finding Jamie. How surprised the kid would be to see Tyler again. How glad Tyler would be to see him. Christ, why hadn’t he asked how he could find him? Chances were, Tyler would end up stuck out at the lodge and Jamie would be somewhere in Estling. The two might never get together.

Tyler turned into the lodge’s driveway, realizing he didn’t even know Jamie’s last name. How was he going to make even discreet inquiries without raising a few eyebrows? He was going to have to think of some way.

There was a bustle of activity at the lodge. It looked as if it was doing a booming business, which was strange, since Tyler had been under the impression that the lodge had been allowed to fall into disuse after its purchase. Tyler also found it a bit strange that most of the milling crowd were young men.

Tyler pulled the car to a stop in front of the lodge. Tad came out of the building and down the stairs to meet him.

“What is this?” Tyler asked, getting out to take Tad’s offered hand. “It’s beginning to look more and more like a Cub Scout convention.”

“Come on inside for a little drink and refreshment,” Tad said, leading the way back up from where he’d come. They went into a lobby filled with a large grouping of couches and chairs, many of them filled with the sprawl of more young bodies. Tad made brief introductions of Tyler to the young man behind the front desk, Blane Tanners, and then he directed Tyler into the office.

Tad closed the door behind them and turned to look Tyler over.

“Your time in the great out-of-doors has done you a world of good,” Tad commented. “You look fantastic.”

“Compliments will get you nowhere,” Tyler said. “Is there someplace I can get a drink?”

“First, I think there’s something else we’d better take care of,” Tad said, walking to close the short distance between them. “This,” he said, his fingers moving to caress the bulged cock ridge along Tyler’s left thigh, “is not something

a virile young man like you should be flaunting before all of those youngsters out there. Without any girls around here, you're liable to soon find a few of the young men lining up to service you. That would end up possibly being fun but also being a bit of bad publicity if it ever leaked to the press. And bad publicity is just the opposite of what your daddy hopes to get out of this little enterprise." Tyler thought Tad had just been making a joke about taking care of his cock, but he soon had other things coming. Tad had decided the minute he'd seen the hard cock at Tyler's crotch that he was going to have it. Tad had got- ten hornier than hell watching all that young meat bulging teenage pants for the past couple of days, and although he'd never considered himself a chicken queen, he'd seen what looked like a few mouthfuls he wouldn't have passed up if they were offered him – at any other time and any other place. The problem was compounded by the fact that Tad felt he could have had a lot of the kids out there by just asking for them. From the looks he'd been getting, the blatant stares he'd seen directed at his crotch, Tad knew that the kids out there knew a hell of a lot more about sex than he had at their age. Well, whether they were available or not, he was determined to keep his hands off of them. If they wanted to play around, they'd have to make do with each other. Tad could have easily blown everything he'd worked for by playing around in any one of those pants bulging with young meat out there in the lounge, and he didn't want that. Not only could he imagine such a sexual liaison as

endangering his position with Franklander Lumber, but he also realized the responsibilities he had now to Jocelyn and their unborn baby to avoid any scandal.

“Your cock is as fat as ever,” Tad said. He’d unzipped Tyler’s pants, and his fingers had found the swollen meat.

Tyler hadn’t put up any protest. He’d gotten his hard-on while thinking of a reunion with Jamie on the road to Estling, and when that meeting hadn’t transpired, his cock had remained hard nevertheless. The best way Tyler could think of getting it soft again was by having someone suck it. And if Tad wanted to say his hello that way, then why the hell not let him?

“How can you be here pulling out my cock with all that out there?” Tyler asked, looking down at his cock now jutting free of his pants as Tad fished back into the trousers for Tyler’s balls.

“All that cock out there is off limits,” Tad said. “This one isn’t.”

“Don’t you think it might be wise to lock the door?” Tyler asked as Tad was sinking to his knees before him. “Some of those kids could walk in here and be shocked to death by all of this.”

“Don’t worry about our being disturbed,” Tad said, knowing he wasn’t going to stop now for

anything. “Blane will stand guard. He knows how horny I am, and he was drooling over your hard- on himself when you walked in. I’ve already told him to see that we weren’t disturbed after your arrival.”

“He’s one of our little group?” Tyler asked. He should have possibly paid more attention to the man behind the desk, but the youngsters had been so distracting. Tyler vaguely recalled a butch, muscular stud, who certainly didn’t give any outward signs of preferring cock over cunt.

“I’ll tell you all about Blane later, too,” Tad said. Now that he had Tyler’s cock pried out in the light, he wanted to get down to business. He needed a little variety in the meat he ate. He’d been getting more than his share of Blane’s cock, but a little change of menu certainly never hurt anybody. Besides, all of that young cock had gotten Tad so hot and horny that if he’d sucked Blane’s dick as often as he’d wanted to, he’d have had the rod sucked raw by now.

Tad had Tyler’s cock held captive in one hand, his fist holding the shaft of the big dong. The cock was harder than hell. Tad could wonder what it was that had gotten it that way. He might have suspected the cock and ass of one or two of the butch young studs in the lounge, but Tyler’s cock bulge had been evident from the minute he’d stepped from his car.

Tad gave the dick a couple of preparatory

strokes, watching hungrily as the cum-slit gushed a stream of pre-cum that began to drool over the slope of the rosy knob.

Tad bowed his face over the rod and sucked up the cockhead while his free hand was expertly unzipping his own pants and letting his hard dick jut out to where he could get to it. He started to pump it even while his face was sliding downward over the cock jutting from Tyler's groin.

Tad's throat muscles relaxed for the prick, the man watching as the cock slipped in. He took it in four quick gulps. His pursed lips gummed the root of the dick, his mouth leaking a mess of spit to bathe the inches of meat he'd succeeded in swallowing.

God, it was good swinging on cock and pumping his own in turn. As starved as Tad was for prick at this stage of the game, he wondered how he was going to last for the duration.

Tad's mouth dragged back up the stalk of Tyler's rod, pausing with only the pulpy knob entrenched behind his taut lips. He tasted the salty residue of the natural lubricant which continued leaking from the sucked cum-slit.

Tyler widened his stance on the floor for better balance, putting a hand on each of Tad's shoulders for support. By looking downward, he could see Tad's head sinking down over bin

crotch. He could feel the progression of Tad's face as the wet warmth which had just held his knob enclosed was suddenly expanded to take in more and more of his stalwart dick.

Tad's throat quickly adjusted to taking Tyler's cock. The young man was soon able to move into a working cadence that dropped his mouth deep over the cock and then back up the thick shaft to the last inch that was the head. His jaws ached with their stretching for the mouthful, but the pain was insignificant.

"You always could give good head, you bastard," Tyler said, his hips bouncing with a fucking rhythm that coincided with Tad's sucking movements. "But aren't you a little old to be playing with yourself? I was told it'd make hair grow on the palm of your hands."

Tad growled something in reply, the sound turning his sheathing mouth and throat into a living vibrator that tingled the entire length of Tyler's cock. He momentarily pulled the protective fuck of his lips from his teeth and dragged the bared enamel over the big fuck-stick.

"Jesus, careful!" Tyler panted, feeling the slight pain and knowing it was merely Tad's retort to Tyler's previous bit of witticism.

Tad muffled his teeth with lip again and got to work. He was hungry for the taste of hot cum

running over his tongue, sliding down his throat and into his belly. He knew from past experience that Tyler's nuts held a hell of a load. When it came, Tad's cheeks would balloon with it, concaving only as Tad suctioned the deluge of sperm away to die amid his digestive juices.

Tad beat his cock faster, its leakings turning his hand wet.

While his hand pumped, his mouth sucked. He took the lengthy cock into his throat, moving his free hand around Tyler's hips and onto a cheek of his ass. He bounced his head over the cock – up and down, sometimes giving a shake of his head to make the cock penetrate his face at a different angle. Tad drooled spit, some of it smearing the opened crotch of Tyler's trousers.

Tyler's hands had moved from Tad's shoulders to the man's head. His fingers glided up and down with the bouncing of Tad's face, Tyler's hips driving his fucking cock in and out of the salivating mouth.

Tad knew what he was doing and wasn't about to waste any time. He wanted cum in his mouth and cum in his hand, and he wanted it quickly. There would be time later for a more lengthy encounter. Now, it was just to get these boners pacified so their owners could begin discussing business.

Tad really went to work. His face bounced

harder, his mouth sucked, slobbered, ate. His fist pumped his cock, beat it closer and closer to climax. As his own body prepared for explosion, Tad knew Tyler was getting ready to blow. He could tell, because Tyler was now more actively fucking his face than he was sucking. Another hint was the noticeable pulsing of Tyler's cock against his lips and tongue.

Tyler was about ready to get his rocks off, and there was pleasure of course. Tyler, however, couldn't help subconsciously comparing this suck with the one Jamie has given him that morning. It was hard to imagine one blow job being different from another, but they were different just the same. Tad was good at giving head, but he just wasn't Jamie. Jamie had had a style all his own. As Tyler's nuts jerked tightly against the root of his cock in preparation to blow his wad up Tad's face, Tyler became more and more determined that Jamie wasn't going to escape him if he could help it.

Tad prepared for the sudden shoving of Tyler's hips that would drive the man's exploding cock securely home for the final time. Tyler obliged by giving it to him. Tyler, both hands pushing Tad's head downward, thrust his lower body into Tad's face and let his balls blow. He ground his pelvis into Tad's face, his crotch hair scratching.

Tad's timing had been almost perfect. Actually, Tyler orgasmed first, but a few final pumps of

Tad's hand over his cock brought his nuts off in a very close second. As his mouth filled and kept filling with the hot washing of sperm, Tad's hands were webbing with the less energetic blastings of his own cock which had followed his initial gushings.

Tad let Tyler keep his face anchored over the cock until the throes of pleasure had passed. Then when Tyler relaxed his hold on Tad's head, Tad dragged his lips upward one more time, milking the cock for any tardy jizz remaining inside. He tasted the last of the mess, his tongue washing the knob one final time as he spit out the cock.

Tad got up from his knees, his hand still holding his cum-strewn dick, and walked to the desk, opening the drawer and fishing out a handful of tissue.

Tyler stuffed his own cock, which had been sucked clean, back into his trousers, then zipped up his pants to conceal it.

Tad finished mopping up the jizz from his fingers and his cock. He, too, tucked his dick back into cover and brought more Kleenexes around to wipe up the mess his splattering sperm had made on the carpet.

Tyler took a seat in a chair facing the desk, waiting for Tad to finish with the cleanup.

"Well," Tad said, depositing a wad of soiled

tissue into the wastepaper basket at the end of the desk. “You don’t know how much better I feel now, after that.”

“That should hold the both of us for a while,” Tyler said.

“And now, you’d like to know why big daddy has assigned you and me to Emerald Lake Lodge.”

“Shoot.”

“I just did.”

“I see you haven’t lost your sense of humor.”

“Actually, we’re both here to improve the public’s opinion of Franklander Lumber. As I’m sure you must realize, being the boss’ son, Franklander Lumber has had some substantial run-ins with the more gung-ho ecology groups over the past few years.”

“I’m aware of that, yes.”

“Well, Franklander, as you also know, supplies the wood pulp to Hollander Paper, a major subsidiary, and Hollander Paper has a few large government contracts.”

“I take it there’s been some question about contract renewals?”

“We’re merely moving to nip the problem in the

bud before it has a chance to interfere. Quite frankly, there are some very highly placed people who think Franklander Lumber's bad publicity over the last few years can't be ignored. Some people have been really big on ecology these last years, and Franklander has long been known to be a hold-out, to going along its own way without giving a damn about what anyone else thinks. Franklander was actually large enough to do just that in past instances. However, times do change, and Franklander does need a new image if it wants to continue with its part of the profit pie."

"So what's all of this? And all of that out there?" Tyler asked, motioning toward the door, and indicating the scene behind it.

"Your father wants the world to know that he cares... not only about ecology but about people."

"What kind of crock of shit is my old man cooking up here?"

"It's called public relations," Tad answered.

"What is?" Tyler asked. "How about giving me the specifics?"

"I'd be glad to," Tad said. "After all, as W.J. Franklander's son, you're to be his official representative at this little enterprise. The old

man thought you'd be a better figurehead than he was in this new move. He's been too much in the anti-ecology spotlight lately. But you..."

"Go on," Tyler said. He was curious. Maybe he wasn't going to have to look too far for Jamie after all. "And while you're at it, how about getting me that drink you promised me an hour ago?"

CHAPTER SEVEN

It was morning, early morning, but it was going to be a warm day, and some of the kids were already outside. Terry could hear them as they tossed a Frisbee out on the lawn. The boy got out of bed and went to his shirt which was piled with his pants and underwear on a nearby chair. He unbuttoned one of the pockets and took out the square of neatly folded newspaper, then went back to the bed, falling belly first onto the mattress and springs. He propped both pillows beneath his chest and, once comfortable, proceeded to unfold the paper.

What Terry had retrieved from his shirt and now spread out in front of him for perusal were actually two newspaper clippings plus their accompanying photographs.

“Athletic supporter Tyler Franklander,” began one of the articles in bold type, “is shown here at the site of the competitions now being held at Estling’s Emerald Lake Lodge for the children of financially deprived parents. Tyler Franklander, whose father William is head of the internationally known Franklander Lumber...”

Terry didn’t bother reading the article. He’d read it before. What did again catch his interest was the picture of his father with his arm around an attractive blond youth who had just moved to claim a semifinals title in the field and track competitions. To anyone else, the picture

wouldn't have generated any immediate amount of curiosity. It was the same type of publicity shot seen in the paper everyday – the sponsor of an event congratulating one of the winners.

What made this picture so unique was not the picture itself but how it looked when taken in comparison with the other photo Terry now moved up beside it.

“Tyler Franklander,” the second picture's caption began, “is shown here at Emerald Lake Lodge with his son Terry, who came to watch the last week of scheduled competitions that would award to financially deprived amateur athletes over one hundred thousand dollars in scholarships.”

The Tyler Franklander in one picture, smiling and happy, was a startling contrast to the Tyler Franklander in the other, the latter appearing very still and proper in a photo which had been obviously posed.

Terry compared his likeness with the attractive blond in the other photograph. Terry was just as blond, just as good-looking, just as young as the other boy. So, what was there that would make Tyler react so differently to Terry than he had to Jamie Bravo, unless it was the fact that Terry was his son?

Tyler had not been happy to see Terry. That had been more than obvious, and Terry certainly

hadn't needed the pictorial verification he now had before him to tell him that. He'd known before the picture had ever been snapped that his arrival on the scene wasn't even expected. Terry had thought his father knew he was coming.

Terry was a perceptive enough young man to see the swarm in the hornet's nest which his arrival had caused. After the day's competitions had finished and most of the press people were back in Estling in their hotel rooms, calling in their stories, the shit hit the fan at Emerald Lake Lodge.

W.J. Franklander, who had been hanging off on the sidelines carefully watching what was happening from a distance, was suddenly summoned by a phone call from his son. The shouting between them that happened shortly after the elder Franklander's arrival might have filtered out undecipherable, but it certainly hadn't gone undetected.

To everyone's apparent surprise, including W.J. Franklander's, Tyler had just suddenly aborted his shout session, rushed from the office to his car and disappeared in a mass of squealing rubber and flying gravel. That had been two days ago, and nobody knew where Tyler had gone, including his father, who had been left with making excuses to a press corps that had warmed to the son but was suddenly a little dubious when confronted face-to-face with the

crafty old man himself.

Terry pushed both pieces of paper off the bed, watching them flutter to the floor. He rolled over on his back, folding his arms behind his head, wondering what had happened and why that had made the gap so deep between him and his father. The divorce had certainly been part of it, but it had been more than that. Tyler had been awarded full visiting privileges and had never taken advantage of them. Something else had happened, then, before the divorce. Terry searched his mind for an answer. All he could ever remember were the good times they'd had together. There had been a lot of the good times.

One particular day was always recalled vividly. He'd been ten. He and his father had been wrestling on the lawn. They'd hugged tightly to each other and had rolled over and over on the grass. They'd stopped finally, Terry's young body sprawled out on top of his father's chest and belly. Terry could still remember looking down at his father's handsome face, seeing the flush that had risen in the man's cheeks, seeing the tousled fall of the thick hair over his forehead and into his eyes. Terry had also been acutely aware of something else – a hardness along, his father's belly that was pushed tight against the boy's own crotch.

Tyler had rolled, taking Terry with him, pinioning the boy's body beneath his, the strange

hardness now even tighter against Terry's lower belly, grinding with a painful pleasure into Terry's young cock and balls. The boy had felt secure beneath his father's warm muscle and flesh. He'd gone heady with the manly smells. His father had kissed him. It had been a kiss far different from any Terry could remember up to then or could remember after. It was as if the boy was being actually sucked completely into his father's body, was being somehow eaten alive. Terry had surrendered himself to the moment, had felt a recurrence of those strange sensations which had even then begun to stir and warm his groins keeping him awake at nights. Then Tyler had sensed something outside the world he had made for him and his son, and Terry had seen his mother standing silently by the side of the house watching them. She hadn't said anything but had just walked up the steps and onto the back porch. Tyler had left Terry and gone after her. The boy hadn't wanted him to leave. Terry had wanted his father's body pressed down on top of him forever. He blamed his mother. Six months later, there'd come the divorce, and Terry had only seen his father a couple of times since.

Terry had loved his father more than he could have ever loved his mother, and he'd been deeply hurt when Tyler had up and pulled out of his life with no apparent explanations. He'd been hurt, but he hadn't kept from believing that his father was coming back.

As Terry had gotten older, his father still avoiding

him, the boy had picked up a few pieces to be fitted into the puzzle. His father had apparently married Terry's mother but had never really loved her. He'd had sex with her, Terry being the prime result of such a mating, but he had preferred another type of sex than that found in the nuptial bed. Somewhere along the line, Tyler had possibly gone to bed with Terry's uncle. Paula had never gotten along very well with her younger brother, and Christopher had once screamed that he'd actually been a better lay for her husband than she had been.

Homosexuality had not been mentioned in the divorce proceedings. W.J. Franklander had paid plenty to Paula to keep the charge exclusively one of mental cruelty. W.J. Franklander had paid plenty to Paula to make her agree to let Tyler have visiting privileges. W.J. Franklander had liked his share of young men, too, but his wife had been a bit more sophisticated and civilized about it than the bitch his son had married. On no account did W.J. think that his son's sexual proclivities should deny him the right of being the father he, by fact, was.

And now W.J. Franklander had paid Paula a lot of money to have himself made the boy's guardian. Paula wanted to remarry. The guy was young, he was attractive, he was hung. He was also poor. There was the additional problem that Paula's alimony payments were scheduled to come to a stop as soon as she remarried. Paula had gone to her ex-father-in-law and sold him her son for more money.

She loved Terry, but she was still a young and vital woman. She needed a man. She thought she'd found one in Tyler. She'd been wrong. She thought she'd found one now in Sean, and she didn't want to let him go.

W. S. Franklander had paid the price gladly and taken his own grandchild under his protective wing.

"We're going to give you back your father," Terry's grandfather had told him triumphantly. "You two have been without each other for too damned long."

Well, W.J. had apparently chosen the wrong place and the wrong time to pull off his proposed reunion. Tyler had bolted. Terry tried to understand, but he couldn't. He thought he had some of the pieces, but he couldn't fit them together to get any completed picture. He only knew by looking at the two newspaper photos now on the floor that, where Tyler still had the knack of spontaneous affection for some people, he had apparently lost that capacity when it came to his own son.

Terry missed his father, missed the good times they'd once had. He couldn't help wondering if maybe it wasn't something he'd done that had made Tyler turn from him.

Terry had been fondling his cock and balls while he'd been thinking of his father. His cock was

hard now, jutting from the golden cluster at his groin to the hairless flatness of his belly. He knew what that hardness had been inside of his father's pants that day. He knew, also, that the tingling inside his guts when he'd realized the presence of that hard-on had been the stirrings of his own sexual awareness.

Terry's hand languidly pumped his cock as the cum-slit leaked juices that his whipping fist smeared along the knob and shaft of his prick. He stopped jacking off long enough to prop a pillow beneath his head. He then lifted his legs and let his hips curve upward over his face. He dropped his knees down around his ears, his cock slipping into the ovaling of his lips. His tongue licked immediately, and the boy tasted his own juices. His right hand took up again the slow stroking of the cock, milking it of more liquid to emerge salty on Terry's tongue.

Terry bounced on the bed, the spring of the mattress working his mouth about his cock. Looking upward over the creases of his young belly, Terry could see the inches of his fat dick, the blue vein that snaked along one side of it. His healthy balls hung low in the scrotum, drooping down along the length of his rod. His nuts were moving inside their bag, the skin shifting even as he watched.

Terry's spine had relaxed even more, dropping his cock farther so that he could take more of his meat into his mouth. His lips holding the cock

secure, Terry let both hands reach upward for his ass, his fingers clamping the cheeks of his butt. With his hands thus placed, Terry exerted a pulling pressure that bowed his crotch nearer his face. The boy sucked up even more of his own cock.

Terry enjoyed eating his prick. As a matter of fact, it was actually the only type of sexual release he practiced. He'd graduated from jacking off as soon as he had discovered his body was supple enough and his cock big enough for this type of activity. Even at his young age, his butch good-looks and man-sized dick had given him a couple of opportunities where he might have tried cunt, but he'd let the opportunities pass. He just wasn't turned on by it.

Terry's cheeks sucked inward, concaving against the cock inside his mouth. His tongue continued to whip the dick, wrapping it sensuously. He enjoyed the taste of his cock, wondered if some other guy would enjoy it, too.

His left hand still pulling on his ass to keep his cock deeply entrenched, Terry let his right hand slip back down to his nuts. He began massaging his eggs, pinching them like only he knew how it should be done. The resulting dull ache came as a supplement to the pleasure. When his scrotum had grown much thicker, crawled higher toward the base of his cock, Terry put his hand back on his ass, pulling his dick deeper

yet inside his face.

Terry was in no hurry. There was very little he had to do today. He wasn't doing anything except watching. Those other kids were slaving their asses off for something Terry had by right of birth. He was guaranteed a college education if his grades were good enough. The only similarity between himself and some of the slum kids was that the bill for his future education was going to be footed by the same man – W.J. Frank-lander.

Slowly and easily, Terry ate his own meat, working it over with his lips and his tongue, sucking in more and more of it as his body bent farther. He'd managed to claim over half of his cock, knew that before he'd blasted, he would have himself gobbled up to his balls.

Terry felt very content when he ate his prick. Maybe it was because of such moments he was aware that he really didn't need anyone else. For a few short moments, Terry was his own self-contained world. He could be lost in himself, could be lost in loving himself. The pleasure would rise, and he would control it for a time. He knew what to do to hurry it on its way to completion. He knew what to do to delay the inevitable orgasm for a few minutes more while he could enjoy the ecstatic build-up. Terry could forget everyone else at these times. Here on this bed, his mouth wrapped around his cock, Terry could forget everyone, everything, except

himself.

Terry was a perfect physical specimen for his age. He had a young boyish body with just a hint of the development he would have at same later age. His chest was already contoured by two slightly defined domes, his belly etched with the tracings of the muscle that would mature with age and raise to washboard his belly. He had naturally broad shoulders, a tapered waist, good arms and legs. He was already handsome, many of his father's handsome features evident but refined. His blond hair was thick on his head, combed in a tousled sweep over his forehead and feathered over his ears. His eyes were deep blue, almost purple, speckled with flecks of gold. A well-paid dermatologist had kept his complexion clear of pimples.

Terry's lips edged finally into his lower belly, his cock lost deeply inside his throat. His nose was pressed tightly into the compact mass of his own balls, his chin chafing against his own crotch hairs. He twisted his face over the cock, letting the rod slip free of his mouth. His lips hugged the exiting inches.

He pulled his hips don into his face again, taking the cock into the velvety wetness. He was comfortable with this cock. It was part of him. It belonged to the body it was fucking. It fit perfectly up his throat as if it had been made for it. He could easily picture himself coiled in his mother's womb to enjoy the same

pleasures there that he was enjoying here now.

Terry gave himself up to the suck. All other thoughts seemed to fade from his mind. He'd achieved the state of mind for which he'd strived. He was at peace with himself. He continued to eat his meat, licking furiously at the cock that fucked his face. His balls were cum-bulged now. The cock, already stretching Terry's mouth open as far as it would go, was throbbing even bigger.

Terry growled over his dick, enjoying the resulting vibrations. The boy was aware of the juices beginning to chum inside of him. He sucked slower, wanting to delay the inevitable. After cli- max, the world would come crashing back onto him. Terry didn't want the reality. It wasn't very flattering to his ego to know that his father didn't want him, that his mother had sold him like a piece of meat on the auction block, that his grandfather had been the buyer but had forgot- ten long ago how one went about raising a young teenager.

Terry tried desperately to prolong, curled on the bed in his little ball, his cock a piston up his mouth. The boy delighted in the feel and the taste of himself. He didn't want any of it to end.

But it had to end eventually. Even the boy, who was so familiar with his own body that he could several times contain an eruption and proceed with more build-up, was destined to eventually

have to let it come to an end. Once the fires were conjured within his body, they eventually had to become the masters. No one could keep them enslaved forever. It was only a matter of time before they swelled, peaked, slipped back to oblivion until next time.

Terry fought to maintain his control, even going so far as to bite his cock hard at one point when he thought an orgasm was upon him. Control was his for an awfully long time, but he eventually lost it. He knew when the reins slipped from him. His mind registered the hasty approach of an ejaculation, and he knew it was time to do something, time to perform one of his sexual tricks to stop it, but his body wouldn't respond. His lips and mouth just continued to gum and eat, his head and hips continued to bounce, his throat continued to vibrate around his twitching prick.

Shock after shock of pleasure rocked his body. He spasmed on the bed, his balls spewing a deluge of wet, warm jizz into his mouth where the boy quickly sucked it all away. His eyes blurred with the ecstasy. He thought he was sucking his guts out of his belly through his cock.

"Eat me, Daddy!" Terry squealed, his voice coming out mumbled and undecipherable about the plug of his spasming cock.

CHAPTER EIGHT

It was only natural that the two would eventually gravitate toward one another. After all, one was the son who saw affections which should have been meant for him directed toward another. The second was the lover who suspected, each time Tyler grunted his climax, the man had been imagining himself locked in torrid embrace with his own son.

Their eyes had met and locked one afternoon as Terry stood with his grandfather at the edge of the swimming pool, watching Jamie swim to another victory. Jamie had pushed himself free of the water to hear W.J.'s congratulations and met Terry's gaze. Jamie had gone to the shower and waited. He'd actually expected Terry then. When, after a while, it became apparent Jamie had been mistaken about Terry's arrival, he had showered and dressed. He walked out onto the porch. There were other events going on around the area, but Jamie wasn't involved in any more of them for the rest of the day. He easily picked out W.J. over by the pole vault, but Terry was no longer with him.

Terry had left his grandfather when Jamie had gone to the lockers. He had thought of drifting back into the shower room, but he had decided not to. He had no qualms about seeing Jamie stark naked, actually would have enjoyed the spectacle, but he wanted a bit more privacy. He crossed the competition field and leaned

against a tree on the edge of the forest, pretending to concentrate on the activities but actually waiting for Jamie to reappear. When he saw him emerge from the lodge, Terry waited until he was sure Jamie had seen him and then slipped into the underbrush. Through an interlacing weave of dried bushes, Terry saw Jamie casually leave the porch to follow him. Within minutes, the two met on a small path, turning to walk on it by mutual consent. Now that they'd gotten together, they really didn't know what to say to each other, so neither momentarily said anything. They walked for a considerable distance in silence.

"You swim?" Jamie asked finally.

"Not as well as you," Terry answered. "I saw you today, and you're good, really good. Even Grandfather said so."

"I mean, there's a swimmin' hole up here I found when I first got here. It catches the afternoon sun. Oughta be great 'bout now."

"Okay," Terry agreed.

After a while, the path forked, and Jamie led the way along the correct one. He eventually left the path completely and climbed a small rise. Terry could hear the rush of running water.

"Watch it," Jamie instructed. "It's kinda steep." They climbed down a sharp embankment and

into the sun. A small waterfall splattered its spray on tile rocks, and there was a small pool a little distance away. Jamie began immediately to strip off his clothes and soon entered the water. It was ice cold – not like the heated pool at the lodge.

Shortly Terry joined him. The two swam silently for a few minutes and then climbed out on the warm slab of rock to dry. Jamie sat by the edge of the pool, his feet dangling into the water, and Terry pressed his cock into the stone beneath his belly, propping his chin on his forearm.

“I met him on the way here,” Jamie said finally. “I was hitchin’, an’ he stopped to gimme a lift.”

“Who?” Terry asked, and the question was so superfluous, Jamie didn’t even bother answering it.

And that was the beginning. Where it had been Jamie who had begun the conversation, it was Terry who ended up talking the most. He took Jamie back to his childhood and up through adolescence, mentioning many of the good times. He talked about things he’d never talked about with anybody before – not secret things but just shared moments. Terry had really had few close friends in his life, and even Jamie was hardly a friend. Yet Jamie was in the right place at the right time. He was willing to listen, and Terry did want to talk. And it helped that they were both naked. That seemed to break down

all barriers which might have existed between them.

Terry never mentioned his day on the lawn when his father had kissed him and then run guiltily after his wife who had witnessed the blatant sexual display; Jamie never mentioned the fact that he and Tyler had fucked in the settling dust of the speeding car and then later in a motel room.

“You’re close to my father,” Terry said eventually. His back had dried, and he sat up now to let the sun get to the rest of his body. “That makes me a little jealous, since he doesn’t even seem to know I exist.” There was an unmistakable edge of bitterness which he was unable to keep out of his voice.

“If you think he don’t know you exist, then you’re a first-grade asshole,” Jamie said.

“Did he ever say anything about me to you?” Terry asked. He was afraid once he’d asked the question, afraid that Tyler had never said anything about him.

“Christ, one of the first things he ever said to me was that I was young enough to be his son,” Jamie said. “He told me a coupla times how much I remind him of you.”

“Funny,” Terry said. “The one day I saw him at the lodge, he didn’t say half a dozen words to

me.”

“Your father’s scared shitless,” Jamie said, wondering how far he should go, how much he should say. A lot of it, after all, was only his own thoughts on the subject. He could have been all wrong. Still, he didn’t think so.

“Dad? Scared shitless?” Terry asked unbelieving.

“You’re scared he don’t love you at all. He’s scared he loves you too fuckin’ much.” Terry waited for further elucidation, but it wasn’t forthcoming. Jamie had decided to commit himself no further.

“Don’t ask me to explain that,” Jamie said finally. “I don’t know if I could without tellin’ you somethin’ ‘bout your father that ain’t for me to say.”

“You mean about his not liking girls?” Terry asked. It was the first direct reference either of them had made to Tyler and sex.

“You know that?” Jamie asked. For some strange reason, Jamie had suspected Terry would be completely ignorant of that sexual aspect of his father’s life.

“People talk,” Terry said. He wrapped his arms around his bent legs, put his chin in the groove between his two knees. “I listen.”

“It upset you if it was true?” Jamie

asked. “It is true, then?”

Jamie kicked his feet in the water, reached his right hand into the pool and cupped some of the liquid which he then ladled over his chest.

“You better ask him that,” Jamie said eventually.

“I don’t have to ask him,” Terry answered. “I’ve known the truth for a long time. The only effect my knowing has had on me was that it made me jealous. When I found out my uncle had been in bed with my father, I could have killed my uncle...not because he’d done it but because I hadn’t.”

“You really feel that way?” Jamie asked. He was beginning to see why Tyler was running scared. If Jamie had been old enough to have had a kid like Terry, he would have been hard-pressed to keep his hands off him no matter what the social taboos.

“That’s sick, isn’t it?” Terry asked. He spoke as if Jamie’s answer, whether affirmative or negative, would be the last word needed to convince him one way or the other.

Jamie shrugged. He might have answered yes at one time in his life – before Greg. Not now.

Maybe it was because he personally found exceedingly exciting the conjured pictures of Tyler's muscular maleness entwined with his son's cool, blond beauty. Jamie was embarrassed that he was beginning to get a hard-on.

"Wouldya really do it?" Jamie asked out of pure curiosity. "I mean if he wanted to, wouldya? 'Cause if the answer's yes, you oughta see why the fuck your father's runnin' scared."

"I don't understand."

"No? Think about it, man. If, when he's with me, he's talkin' about you all the time, but with you he don't say over six words, don't that tell you somethin'?"

"You're suggesting..."

"I ain't suggestin' nothing."

But what if he were suggesting what Terry thought he was? Then, what a fucking waste of five years. What a damned fucking waste! But how could Tyler have known how Terry had felt about him? How could he have known that Terry had spent the past years jacking off and sucking himself off while thinking of his father? The point was, Tyler hadn't known. None of that had been written on Terry's forehead during the few brief encounters he'd had with his father since the divorce. And Tyler was afraid of corrupting his

own son. That was why Tyler had been avoiding his blond, blue-eyed little boy who wasn't so little any more. The man was still feeling guilty about those stirrings in his loins back on that hot summer day when the two of them had rolled on the grass together. Incest – that was what society called it. What kind of a father was it who could get turned on by his own son? The thought that it was incest he was imagining every time Terry pumped his cock or sucked it off hadn't stopped the boy's fantasizing. Terry had rationalized the incestuous implications in his mind. After all, what he did was fantasy, not actually reality. But had Tyler been able to so easily rationalize what it meant to sexually desire his own son when he knew it would have been so easy to make it reality with the pure strength of his muscle, never dreaming his desire might have been reciprocal? Maybe it was time Tyler stopped running.

"I know what you're thinkin'," Jamie said, interrupting Terry's line of thought.

"Do you?"

"I can read it on your face, man. You're thinkin', 'If I want it, an' he wants it, what's the harm an' who's gonna stop us?' But you think you can really handle it?"

"What's to handle?"

"That scares me," Jamie said. "I like your father a lot. I don't want you to screw up his head any

more 'n it already is."

"You think our going to bed will make things worse instead of better?"

"You ever done anythin', kid?" Jamie asked, feeling very much older at that minute in his life.

"Done any what?"

"Done it. It. Gone to bed with another man."

"Why?"

"'Cause if you ain't, an' then you go to bed with your father an' panic, you're gonna fuck both of you up. How you gonna cope with incest when you ain't even sure if you can groove with gay sex?"

"What makes you think I haven't done anything?"

"'Cause you woulda said so right off. You told me about wantin' to go to bed with your father, about how to arrange it. Why not tell me 'bout a plain old suck or fuck with another guy unless you never done nothin'? An', baby, gettin' it on ain't always like you think it's gonna be."

"I'll handle it," Terry said with confidence.

"Prove it!" Jamie said. He pulled his legs out of

the water and stood up. When he faced Jamie, his cock was a hard mass jutting upward from his bagged balls to his navel. He walked to Terry, the latter not doing anything but looking up at him.

“You think I can’t handle that?” Terry asked, his hand cruising up and down the back of Jamie’s leg. Terry sounded calm enough, but he sure as hell wasn’t calm inside.

“If you can’t handle this one, you sure as fuck won’t be able to take care of your old man’s,” Jamie said, his right hand wiggling his cock back and forth in front of him like a metronome. “His dick’s a lot bigger’n mine.”

“You’ve made it with my father, haven’t you?” Terry asked. The idea didn’t turn him off. Quite the opposite. Terry was excited that he would soon be doing with Jamie’s cock some of the thing his father had done with it. He didn’t know if the other boy had noticed, but Terry’s cock was almost as hard as Jamie’s.

“A coupla times, yeah,” Jamie admitted. This was the first time he’d had sex with both a father and the man’s son. He had a feeling it was going to be an experience to be remembered.

“And you’re going to show me how it’s done? How I can please my father once I get him naked in bed?”

“I can try.”

“Kind of young to be playing teacher, aren’t you?” Terry asked, his hand climbing up as far as Jamie’s balls. The nuts he found were a handful, the loose flesh warm against Terry’s fingers. It was the first time he’d ever had hold of another man’s balls. His hand lingered, reluctant to pull free.

“I learned a helluva lot in the neighborhood I grew up in,” Jamie asked. “Your old man didn’t believe that at first, but he fuckin’ well did in the end.”

“What first, teacher?”

“First I’m gonna fuck your ass,” Jamie said. “After that, when I got your asshole filled up with my hot spunk, I might let you see how it’s like up my ass. Your father says I got one of the tightest little butts he’s ever screwed. Think you might wanna put your hard cock up a pit that’s been fucked royal by your old man?”

“I’d sure as hell like to give it a try,” Terry said.

“Get up,” Jamie said, watching Terry’s body uncoil and come to a standing position.

“And from here?”

“We’ll find some place more comfortable,”

Jamie said. "I wanta go easy on you the first time. If it's good the first time, you'll be lookin' for a second an' a third time around. But before we go lookin' for a spot... you ever got really kissed by another guy?"

"Sure. By my grandfather." Terry could have told Jamie about that other kiss, that one from his father, but that was somehow still too much of a private memory.

"Well, I ain't your granddaddy, stud," Jamie said, taking Terry in his arms.

And Terry didn't need the first kiss to tell him that much. Terry had known from the minute Jamie had stripped for the swim that this boy was nothing like his grandfather. Terry had seen W.J. Franklander's cock once. It was small and puffy and hidden beneath an overhang of gray-haired belly. Now, Jamie's cock wasn't small but large. It wasn't puffy but hard. It wasn't hidden but plainly visible as it reared its fist-sized knob upward and drooled its mess of pre-cum. Terry certainly wouldn't have been turned on by W.J. Franklander's cock as he was by this one.

The kiss was highly reminiscent of the one Terry had received from his father that day so long ago, muted only in that Terry now knew enough about his own sexuality and sex in general that none of it was as new as it had been that first time. Still, Terry had to admit that there was an infinite degree of pleasure to be had in the kiss,

pleasure that was supplemented by the unique experience of having another boy's naked flesh pressed so tightly into his own.

Terry's mouth was opened by the pressure of Jamie's experienced lips. Jamie's tongue found the resulting breach and delved for the succulent warmth of Terry's spit. Against his chest, Jamie was aware of the softness of Terry's flesh, of the hardness of Terry's nipples, of the turgidness of Terry's cock aligned against his own cock between their mated bellies.

Terry's tongue began to move, the boy catching on quickly. The tip of his tongue wiped the smooth enamel of Jamie's teeth, slid along the boy's gums, battled with the sensuous slipperiness of Jamie's tongue.

It was a long kiss, a deep kiss, a kiss that left both boys faintly breathless when it came to its eventual finish.

"Somethin' tells me you ain't gonna need much teachin'," Jamie said, his hand gliding down the curve of Terry's back and resting on the swell of the boy's buns.

They didn't have to go far to find a place convenient for the sex they had in mind. The first time Jamie had discovered the rather idyllic setting, he had scouted it for a spot. He'd never dreamed at the time that it would be Tyler's son

he would be bringing here, but he could certainly be glad now that it was.

The stones were covered with a thick, green moss that was pleasantly cool against Terry's naked flesh as he obliged Jamie by rolling his belly into it. Terry's hard cock pressed an indent into the sponginess, and the rest of Terry's body found the moss adjusting to his contours. Terry was actually quite comfortable as he felt Jamie's hands easing his thighs apart to kneel between them.

Jamie was excited, there was no doubt about that. He ran his fingers gently along the back of Terry's left thigh, coasting it upward to the solid curve of the boy's ass. Jamie's cock was a powerful mass of meat, uplifted between his hairless thighs. His balls drooped so low that they pooled in a flaccid mass of skin upon the moss. The boy milked his cock for its pre-cum, deciding the copious fluids that oozed free of his cum-slit wouldn't be enough for the entrance of his cock up a virgin ass.

Terry waited, rather apprehensive. He'd had things up his ass before in preparation for the butt-fuck he knew he'd one day be getting – a finger, a carrot, a small cucumber – but he'd underestimated the size of the first cock that would fuck him. Jamie's cock had all those other inanimate tools beat all to slit. And Jamie had said Tyler's cock was even bigger. Terry tried to imagine that. The bulge at his father's crotch

that day on the lawn had seemed giant-sized, but Jamie's dick was certainly the biggest Terry had ever seen this side of his own.

Jamie spit in his hands to give him more juices to rub into the neck and head of his cock. He spit again, coating his rod with a thick veneering of saliva and love juices, each time wiping the excess off his fingers and into the crease of Terry's ass.

Finally, Jamie moved into position, scooting forward so that his cock, when it was pried down from his belly, dived its head into the crease of Terry's butt and centered on the tightly closed bung.

"If it starts hurtin', tell me," Jamie said. "This ain't suppose to hurt all that much, so if it's gettin' bad for you, don't be a hero. Your asshole's gonna hafta do some stretchin', but if we take it slow, it's gonna do it. Ready?"

Jamie leaned forward, the head of his cock pressing for an entrance. He increased the pressure behind the placement of his cock, aware the second Terry's asshole began to yawn to accept the beginning of what Jamie planned to feed it.

Terry told himself to relax, remembered how much easier it was to plug his butt with his fuck-finger when his asshole wasn't all tensed up. Still, a finger wasn't a cock like Jamie's, and

it was a hell of a lot easier for a butt to accept something as small as a finger than it was for it to accept the sausage-sized dimensions of Jamie's cock.

Beneath his belly, Terry felt his own dick leak another oozing of pre-cum which beaded on the moss just prior to its smearing on his stomach.

If this was a first for Terry, it was also another first for Jamie. Not counting Jamie's never having fucked a father and son combination before, he couldn't ever remember a time he'd fucked a virgin ass. Oh, he'd plugged plenty of butt before, but they'd always seemed to have made way for someone else's cock before Jamie had gotten to them. It was hard to find virgin ass in Jamie's neighborhood. Usually, too soon, a youngster's asshole was claimed by some bigger stud who forced his way into it. Jamie could have thanked his lucky stars that Greg and Blane had been around to make sure Jamie's ass would be given up only when Jamie wanted. Very few kids in the slums had had that prerogative.

The cockhead slipped securely into the slot that finally opened for it. No sooner had the sphincter opened, however, accepting the knob of Jamie's cock, than it seemed to clamp shut with a vengeance. The ovaling of Terry's asshole vised hard against that part of the cockshaft that formed the groove beneath the flaring of the knob. The exerted pressure was so intense

that, for a brief second, Jamie thought one of two things was going to happen. Either his cockhead was going to be torn from its thick neck, or he was going to lose his hard-on. As it turned out, neither happened.

Terry, not knowing how he was going to continue even accommodating this much of Jamie's cock, gave an involuntary jerk that didn't eject Jamie's cock but actually succeeded in bucking the butt upward to take even more prick.

"Christ!" Terry groaned, despite all attempts made by him not to.

Jamie fell to cover Terry's prone body, being careful to keep his hips elevated so that he wasn't driving any more of his cock up the butt than was already there. Jamie's arms collapsed, placing his elbows and forearms into the moss on either side of Terry's shoulders.

"Easy, man," Jamie said, his voice low, his mouth close to Terry's ear. He lifted to pull a fraction of his cock out of Jamie's butt. "Just try an relax."

Christ, Terry was trying, but it was different taking a hard cock belonging to someone than it was taking whatever things Terry had found in the past to jam up his ass. Jamie had certainly been right when he'd said there was a difference between fantasizing and reality. Terry was glad he was getting fucked by

Jamie before he crawled into bed with his own father. When Tyler's fat cock came jabbing into Terry's ass, the boy wanted to be able to take it quickly and easily, not having to do like he was doing now – squealing like a stuck pig.

Jamie knew that all it would take would be one forceful shove to bury all of his cock up Terry's ass. That one, followed by another savage hump while Terry's body was shuddering with the shock of the first brutal drive, would have placed Jamie's cock in to its balls. Then if he would just hold on, Jamie's nuts would have been off in no time, his cock stripped to eruption in the jerkings of Terry's raped ass. Jamie knew tough studs who'd told him how they'd done it, how they'd just hopped on, shoved their dicks in, rode virgin ass to a climax. One kid had even suggested that he might like to do just that to Jamie sometime when his big brother wasn't looking. Greg had found out, somebody other than Jamie having told him, and by the time the stud had recovered from the knee to his nuts Greg had given him, he hadn't seemed nearly as interested in the shape of Jamie's butt as he had been before.

Jamie didn't violently take Terry's vulnerable butt, however. He wanted Terry to enjoy, because his enjoyment was important. Terry was Tyler's son, and Jamie liked Tyler, liked the man a lot. Surprised to discover that Tyler was the son of W.J. Franklander, the rich fart putting up the dough for the competitions, Jamie had been even more surprised when Tyler had

sought him out and personally arranged it so that the two of them could continue with the sex they'd begun on the road. To Jamie, Tyler, was an okay guy, not at all how he'd pictured someone with money. To Jamie, Terry was also an okay stud – and not just because Terry was the son of the father. Jamie wanted Tyler and his son to be able to make a go of it if they ever managed to get as far as the bedroom. And why the hell shouldn't they be able to? Who were they hurting? They were actually doing more harm to themselves by trying to keep their feelings locked up inside of them.

So Jamie waited, inserting no more of his cock up the virgin asshole than the head and inch that was already there. He waited, without driving in more of his dick, despite a swelling need inside of his guts to do just that.

Terry didn't think he was ever going to adjust to the small bit of cock he had, let alone be able to accept all those inches of cock yet remaining to make the plunge inside his ass. He was, therefore, frankly surprised when the discomfort up his butt seemed to dissolve with the same suddenness as it had appeared. One second, Terry was on the desperate verge of telling Jamie he was going to have to pull free, enduring only because it meant so much for him to succeed at this time, with this boy; the next second, all of the pain was gone, replaced only by a sense of fullness in his ass.

Jamie waited longer, refraining from further in

sertion until an intuitive feeling told him it was safe to proceed.

“Better?” Jamie asked, his moving lips brushing Terry’s ear.

“Better,” Terry affirmed, realizing that the sting in his eyes was caused by the sweat drooling from his forehead.

Jamie worked his cock deeper by giving a series of short forward-and-back fucking movements, each downward jab burying one small fraction more of his cock up the bung than had been there before. This way, Terry’s ass was able to adjust a little at a time instead of all at once. The slow and easy placement of the cock up the asshole worked perfectly. Fractions turned, to inches, and the inches turned to more inches, until Jamie’s cock was two thirds of the way up Terry’s butt without Terry having again had to endure the discomfort which had been present with the initial plugging of the cock up his asshole.

Terry’s body jerked when the cock collided with his prostate, but it wasn’t a spuming of pain. The pain had suddenly left him completely. The tight feeling he had in his belly, and the taut stretching of his ass sphincter around the neck of Jamie’s cock, were something other than a paining. It actually, already, was beginning to border on pleasure.

Jamie knew the worst of it was over. Terry's butt was comfortably tight, but it wasn't so small that it wouldn't be able to take his prick. Now that Terry was beginning to loosen up a bit, his fears of the unknown vanishing as he began to realize that there was nothing distasteful or agonizing about a butt-fuck, no matter what he'd heard whispered by studs who knew nothing but shit, Jamie was going to be able to dive to his nuts up this butt, pump this asshole until his balls erupted a mess of cum to cream the chafed bung with a sexual balm to soothe it.

As Terry's butt accommodated Jamie's cock, his ass muscles losing their tightness and expanding for the plugging cock, Terry was struck by one revealing insight. What he now experienced was how he had always imagined it would be, but it was not how he actually taught it would be. Despite how often his mind had tripped out on homosexual fantasy, he'd still subconsciously believed that it would be far less enjoyable than he wanted it to be. He'd believed he'd attributed too much pleasure to male-male sex, because he always imagined it was his father who was with him, and Terry had so desperately wanted there to be good times like there used to be. Yet, down deep in his mind, undying in its little corner of darkness, was the fear that socially condemned sex couldn't actually be as gut-shatteringly wonderful as he'd dreamed it.

Well, it was, and Terry was soon to find that out,

was actually beginning to find that out already. Terry breathed a sigh of actual ecstasy as Jamie's cock sunk its last up his butt. Jamie's balls came to smash against the cheeks of Terry's butt. Jamie's belly pressed to a rest on the firm young buns.

The two rested, breathing in cadence as they marveled, each in his own way, at their success. They were one for a minute, joined as closely as two men could ever be. There was a uniting between them, however, that went beyond the purely physical presence of Jamie's cock up Terry's butt.

"It'll be good," Jamie said, whispering low into Terry's ear, knowing that he somehow wanted this to be the best sex ever. He wanted it to be good not only for his sake, not only for Terry's sake, but for Tyler's sake. "I promise you, it'll be good."

"Yes," Terry said, feeling a fullness that clogged not only his ass but his belly and throat, knowing that he could believe Jamie's promise to make the good even better. "Make it good. Make it damned good."

And Jamie had all intentions of doing just that. He pulled his hips upward, drawing behind them that bulk of cock which he had worked so diligently to place. He knew, as he pulled it out, that its resubmergence up the hole would be far easier than had been the first time. The butt

knew what to expect now, and the asshole had been smeared with spit and love juices which would aid the second slide of the cock up the butt.

Behind the exiting cock, the ass walls slipped shut. The next slides of the cock up the ass would be easier, but they would be accompanied by the tightness of a butt that was prepared to squash any cock inside it. This was virgin ass after all. No run of cock had stretched it so out of shape that it would offer any cock a loose fit.

Jamie kept his hips on the rise until his cock was pulled free of the butt except for the pulpy knob which was still lodged firmly up the butt. He paused only briefly before pushing down to bury his cock once again. The cockhead and shaft slipped sensuously against an asshole that was wet with the natural lubricants which had smeared it. The completed insertion was made in one, long, easy glide, and it was immediately followed by another withdrawal.

Terry was now completely at ease, actually comfortable with his chest, belly, and cock cushioned by the inherent springiness of the moss. For the first time he realized that the rising pleasures in his body were making his senses more acutely aware of things outside the realm of the screw. He heard a bird singing somewhere in the trees, heard its trills echoed by those of another bird. He heard the rushing

of water over stones. He smelled the earthiness of the ground, saw the moss he lay on was sprouting small yellow flowers and delicate hair-like stems. Beneath Terry's belly, his cock was moving against a surface of moss that was wet with the pre-cum leaked from the drooling meatus. The roll of Terry's belly made his cock slide sensuously among the crushed yellow flowers.

Their bodies seemed to fit perfectly. When Jamie had completed a downstroke, his cock lost to its limits up Terry's ass, the boy found his belly molding to Terry's ass and lower back, his chest tight against Terry's back, his head dropped into the slot formed by Terry's neck and shoulder. Jamie particularly noticed it, because most of the guys he'd fucked recently had been bigger and older than he was. Blane and Tyler were so tall that Jamie's head had rested between their shoulder blades when his cock was squeezing them from the rear. Fitting as well as Jamie and Terry did somehow made the fuck far more perfect, far more enjoyable than it might otherwise have been.

Jamie, who had begun with a series of slow strokes, moved on to an even faster fucking rhythm as soon as he was sure that Terry's ass had accommodated itself completely to the slower movements of the cock inside it. The boy maintained the long smoothness of his fucking, despite the increased tempo, each thrusting pushing from knob to balls, each withdrawing pulling from balls to knob.

Terry was surprised at how getting fucked by actual cock could be so different from the cock substitutes he had made use of whenever he'd pretended his ass was getting worked over by his father's cock. A real cock had a feel all of its own, a hardness disguised in the velvety texture of the layer of loose flesh that covered the more solid inner core. The cock up his butt wasn't as harsh as his finger or the carrot had been. Terry's finger-fucks had always been of comparatively short duration. Usually a few seconds prior to an ejaculation, when a twisting of a finger up his butt could make his orgasm a bit more intense, he'd jab it in. A fuck by a real cock, however, placed the cock in the ass and started its pumping before there was even a hint of an approaching orgasm. Then, as the pleasure built, the cock continued its in-and-out strokings, its movement somehow managing to enhance existing pleasures and conjure even more new ones.

It was good. Jesus, it was good – for Terry, for Jamie. It was an indication of Jamie's skill and expertise, despite his youth, that the fuck was not a quick and frantic one. While the boy had known from the beginning that a fuck was better if both partners enjoyed, his knowledge that a long fuck was usually a better one now kept him using a well-paced rhythm even though the point had been reached where he desperately desired to move onward into an even faster cadence.

Terry's cock continued to masturbate between his belly and the cushy moss on the stone. Terry's body rocked with the thump of Jamie's belly into his ass, that rocking moving the flesh of Terry's cock sensuously about the cock's hard center. The rod drooled more transparent juices, webbing cock and moss in a wet, warm womb.

Jamie hadn't actually expected his enjoyment in fucking the son to be as great as it had been in fucking the father. He was, therefore, surprised at the degree of ecstasy that was flooding through him. While there was unlikely ever to be the same set of circumstances to give him the peculiar sensations indicative of that time he'd fucked with Tyler in the dust of that road, the pleasures of all ensuing fucks had certainly been no greater than what the boy was now feeling. And Jamie was confused by that. He'd always assumed sex with an older man was more enjoyable. Perhaps he'd been mistaken. Perhaps there was a lot to be said for screwing around with a guy his own age. Then again, perhaps, this sex was so good only because of who Terry was, of who Jamie was, of who Tyler Franklander was. No matter what the rhyme or the reason, the sex was good. There was no denying that. Jamie was enjoying, and he fought to make that enjoyment last.

Birds continued to sing, water continued to cascade, the ground and the flowers continued to exude their own particular aromas, but

both boys had suddenly lost all awareness of that. Their centers of concentration had become narrower and more local. Most of their senses focused in entirely on the aspects of the fuck. They heard only the panting of themselves; they felt only the warmth of their sweaty flesh; they saw only the blur of their passions; they smelled only the heady aroma of males in heat.

Terry was actually shocked when it first occurred to him that he was going to come. Never had he expected Jamie's fucking of his ass to be enough to make his own nuts erupt. Of course, the fuck of his butt by Jamie's hard cock wasn't totally responsible. Terry's cock was being steadily massaged by its movement against the moss as Terry's body rolled atop it. Still, Terry had assumed the natural conclusion to such a fuck was to have the cock explode up the ass. Terry had expected only that. His climax, if it was to come, was assumed to be later, when Jamie let Terry fuck him. It just seemed inconceivable that, without either his hands or Jamie's wrapping his cock, Terry was going to blast his wad.

Inconceivable or not, Terry's increasing build-up of pleasure told him that an orgasm was just in the wings. The boy found himself wiggling his butt with delight, rolling it so that Jamie's cock would glide inward at just the right angle to swell Terry's passions even further.

If Terry was surprised at the hastily growing chances of his own eruption, Jamie was no way surprised about the approach of his own. There was no way now on God's green earth that Jamie could have pumped this virgin ass for long and not blasted a good load of cream up it. There were some things in life which were impossible, and not climaxing as a result of this fuck would have been one of them.

There was a breeze that passed over their passion-hyped flesh, evaporating their sweat. It kept their bodies from growing sopped and sticking together as if plastered by glue.

Terry was drooling. His spit had trailed over his forearm and drenched the moss. His eyes had been shut, and he hadn't even remembered shutting them. He didn't open them. He was at peace in the blackness behind closed lids, his mind more easily concentrating on the pleasures at work inside of him – those pleasures that were twisting his guts into tiny knots.

"I'm close," Jamie whispered. He would have liked the fuck to go on forever, but what he wanted and what he got were two different things. He was close, and he thought he'd better prepare Terry for the finale.

Christ, how much closer to a blasting could Jamie be than Terry already was? For the past few humps of the cock in and out of his ass, the

boy had thought that was all that would be needed. He'd thought he was posed on the brink of explosion, only to find that there was still a ways to be pushed closer yet to the edge. His throat had gone tight with his need for ejaculation, his belly had gone taut, his guts had twisted with that same need. He growled with his need, the sounds coming out like a loud purring.

"Fuck me... fuck me... fuck me..." Terry begged, his voice keeping tempo to the movement of the cock up his ass. "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me. Fuck me fuck me fuck me."

Jamie had fucked him already, but the fucking had finally come to its cataclysmic ending. Jamie's hips moved into high gear, pushing and pulling the cock up the butt with a speed that even surprised Jamie. Jamie's fingers clamped on the moss as the boy fought to hold on for his ride. His head arched back, his neck stretched, his mouth opening. His belly smacked Terry's ass, the sound of its hitting muffled amid the roaring in Jamie's ears.

Terry couldn't believe such ecstasy was even possible. With each jab of Jamie's pelvis into his bruised ass, Terry felt his cock jerk in the moss beneath his belly. And then that cock was creaming, creaming, creaming. Terry was too shook to even release the cry formed in his throat. It got caught there, choking but unuttered. His whole body jerked, his ass spasming.

“JESUS FUCKING GOD!” Jamie bellowed, his head still thrown back, his words accompanied by a high, shrill howl.

“FUCK ME, JAMIE!” Terry yelled, finding his voice. “FUCK ME, JAMIE, FUCK ME!” It would only be later that Terry would remember, and marvel, at how he had called out somebody else’s name besides his father’s at that moment of orgasm.

Jamie released his load, his cock continuing to hump the jerking asshole as the thick cum blasted deep into an ass still virgin to the feel of hard, male cock. The moving rod was flooded with its own wet white juices, the opaque deluge sucked out of the ass with each pull of cock out of asshole. The run of it trailed the crease of Terry’s ass, beading finally in silky blond hair.

They were both a long time in recovering, Jamie’s body finally going silent on top of Terry. They breathed heavily, waiting for their lungs to suck in air, waiting for their hearts to stop pounding quite so frantically in their chests.

“You know,” Jamie said finally, his voice low and gravelly, his lips close to Terry’s ear, “my brother an’ me’ve fooled around a lot, an’ it ain’t hurt us any. So incest really ain’t that big a deal, right, man?”

Terry could thank Jamie for trying to smooth over the eventuality of a mating between Terry and his father, but, right now, he was more interested in something other than his father's fat cock or ass.

"Did you say something about letting me fuck you now?" Jamie asked. His cock, although webbed in the mess of its own making beneath Terry's belly, was by no means yet soft.

"How 'bout a swim first?" Jamie suggested.

But Terry didn't want a swim first, and, in a very few seconds, Jamie found he didn't really want a swim, either.

CHAPTER NINE

Jamie tapped loudly on the car window, laughing when Tyler was startled by the noise.

“Jesus, you scared the shit out of me!” Tyler said, seeing who it was.

Jamie shrugged, giving indication that he could hear but very little through the locked windows and doors. Tyler leaned over the gear box and manually opened the door.

“I said, you scared the shit out of me,” Tyler repeated, watching as the boy climbed into the passenger seat and closed the door behind him. “Where in the hell did you come from? I’ve been watching the road for the last couple of hours.”

“Watching, hell. Looked to me like you was sleepin’.”

“I’ve been driving all last night and today,” Tyler said. “Guess it was a bit hard to keep my eyes open. It would have been a fucking shame if I’d missed you even after you’d gotten here.”

“You mean, you really drove all that way just to see me?”

“Isn’t that what I said on the phone? With all the driving I’ve done these past couple of days, I

never seemed to be able to find another hitch-hiker quite like you.”

“That’s great for my ego, man,” Jamie said, “but why didn’t you drive on up to the lodge instead of havin’ me meet you a mile down the road? What if I couldn’t of gotten away?”

“I gambled that you could and was apparently lucky enough to win.”

“Shit, we both got lucky,” Jamie said. “I almost had to take the train. Blane stuck to me like glue this time.”

“I wasn’t worrying about your getting away from me. By the way, congratulations on your win.”

“Least you been readin’ the papers,” Jamie said, flashing a wide smile. “Guess I did do pretty good for myself huh?”

“I’d say that, yes.”

“Too bad none of the winnings were in cash. I hate to hafta wait till I’m ready for college to collect somethin’ I won this year.”

“I would have liked to see it.”

“You coulda been there, you know.”

“No. And don’t ask me to explain.”

“You shoulda stuck around to get to know him,” Jamie said. “I think you mighta liked each other.”

“I’m hungry. What do you say we go get something to eat and then find a place to stay the night?”

“There’s a diner a little ways up the road,” Jamie said, noticing that Tyler seemed determined not to be down into a conversation about his son. “An’ afterwards, I know just the perfect place to stay the night.” He reached into his pants pocket, the forward upthrusting of his hips required in the movement showing the boy’s swollen cock to good advantage at his crotch. Jamie pulled a key free and handed it to Tyler.

“To the lodge?” Tyler queried curiously.

“I lifted it soon’s I knew I’d be runnin’ into an old friend tonight,” Jamie said. “Thought maybe you’d wanta go back to the scene of the crime.”

Tyler put both of his hands on the wheel and turned away from Jamie to look out of the window.

“You don’t understand,” Tyler said after a long pause.

“I think I understand a lot more’n you think.”

Tyler dropped his hands in his lap, leaning his head back into the soft leather of the seat. “I didn’t drive back all this way to talk about it,” Tyler said.

“No?”

Tyler turned his gaze back to the boy. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Take it for what it’s worth.”

“I think you’re a little young to be playing psychiatrist.”

“I like him,” Jamie said. Tyler started the car.

“Let’s get something to eat, shall we?” Tyler asked, the tone of his voice indicating that the matter was closed.

Twice over dinner, Jamie excused himself – once to take a piss, once to make a phone call. Both times he joked with Tyler, stating his bladder seemed to get smaller as the night went on.

“I hope it gives you a rest once we get you to bed,” Tyler had countered.

By the time the meal was finished, Tyler was

in a better humor. He'd had one scotch before the meal and another during. He wasn't drunk, but he was relaxed.

They walked back to the car from the diner, Tyler feeling the lodge key rubbing against his leg.

Tyler put the car key in the ignition. The familiar purring of the motor rose around them. "You're positive there's no one left at the lodge?" Tyler asked.

"The last bus load shoulda left while we was eatin'. I called from the john while I was takin' my second piss. Didn't get no answer."

"My father?"

"He left right after the award presentations yesterday afternoon. Had an important business meetin' somewhere. Blane an' Tad stayed behind to clean up. They went out with the last load. An' Terry took a cab to the airport this morning. He's spendin' the summer at some house your old man has in Malibu." The part about Terry's having already left was a lie.

"I know the place," Tyler said, making no other comment.

"You're a damn fool, Tyler," Jamie said. "He wants you, you know?"

"I always knew I'd make a raunchy father," Tyler said, pulling the car out of the parking lot and onto the highway. "How right I was."

"He wants you more'n a son wants his father."

"Stop it, Jamie!"

"But everything'd be so simple if you'd just let it."

"I said, stop it!" Tyler repeated.

"You're still so young to be such a Goddamned old fool," Jamie said.

Tyler turned the car sharply to the side of the road, braking to a sudden stop.

"I don't want you to say another thing about my relationship with my son," Tyler said. His knuckles were turning white with the pressure of his grip upon the wheel. There was sweat on his forehead. "If there's a problem, I'll have to take care of it in the best way I know how. Now if you can't do us both a big favor and keep your mouth shut, you can get out."

"You wouldn't even drive me to the train depot for old times' sake?"

"You are a little bastard!" Tyler said. He put the

car in gear and eased it back onto the highway.

The lodge looked deserted when the car pulled to a stop in front of it.

“You sure you wouldn’t prefer the razzle-dazzle, tinsel glitter of your local Holiday Inn?” Tyler asked. “This place does seem to look a bit macabre in the dark.”

“Thought you liked your sex a little kinky,” Jamie smiled, opening the door and getting out. “I don’t know many guys who go from high speed to fuckin in a dirt road.”

“You’re too much,” Tyler said, getting out of the car. But he had a hard-on just the same. And in the darkness, in the shadow of the night, Jamie could look very much like Terry – so very fucking much like him.

Tyler unlocked the door, and the two went in. Tyler moved to turn on the lights, but Jamie stopped him.

“Let’s not spoil the mood, man,” Jamie said.

“I don’t know about you,” Tyler answered, “but I can’t see too well in the dark.”

“Follow me,” Jamie said, taking Tyler’s sleeve and leading the man across the room and to the

fireplace. Jamie brought down two large candles from the mantel.

“Candles, Jamie? Christ, are you serious?” Tyler asked, obliging by lighting the wicks with his gold Cartier lighter. It was surprising how much light the two flames made in the darkness.

“I always did wanna fuck by candlelight in a spooky old lodge,” Jamie said. “My cock’s so hard, it’s about to pop my zipper.”

“Your cock is always hard,” Tyler observed.

“Come on,” Jamie said, walking away with a candle in each hand.

“I thought we were going to fuck by that candlelight,” Tyler said, following.

“Right. Let’s go find a bed.”

“A bed? How ordinary.”

Jamie seemed to know exactly where he was going. Tyler followed, having to admit the whole scene was really kind of a turn-on. Jamie opened one of the doors, and the two entered a room which was no different from any of the other countless rooms in the lodge. There was a bed with springs, mattress, but no sheets or blankets. There was a chest of drawers and

a couple of chairs. Jamie set the candles on the chest of drawers.

“Let’s see if the last guy left somethin’,” Jamie said, opening the doors of the wall closet. “Hey, good. Here’s a coupla dirty undershirts.”

“Why are we in such luck?” Tyler asked. “I thought we were here to shed our clothes, not put any on.”

“Yeah, but now I won’t hafta rip up my own clothes.”

“Were you planning to rip them?” Tyler asked. “I don’t see no rope handy. Where else am I gonna get somethin’ quick to tie you to the bed while I fuck you?” Jamie ripped one shirt, the sound somehow harsh in the silence of the room, then closed the distance separating him and Tyler. “That idea turn you on? Just a little? It turns me on a lot. Here, feel.” He pulled Tyler’s hand to the bulge of his hard cock.

“I don’t know, Jamie.”

“You ain’t afraid, are you?” Jamie asked. “Afraid my slum upbringings’ll come through once I got you tied up? You wonderin’ if I’ll freak out? You think I’d tie you up an’ leave you?”

“Would you tie me up and leave me?”

“What the fuck for? There’ll be guys here early tomorrow morning to seal this place up. If I left you, all you gotta do is scream.”

“You’re actually serious about tying me to the bed?”

“Look at your own cock,” Jamie said. “Shit, man, you’re as hard as I am. You wanna feel what it’s like to be tied up an’ helpless. You want your ass plugged with cock. That’s whatcha came back for, ain’t it?”

“I thought I came back to fuck you.”

“Okay, tell you what. You let me tie you to the bed, an’ I’ll come sit on your cock an’ bounce away till you get your rocks off.”

Jamie began to strip down. Tyler watched for a few seconds without doing anything, and then finally he began to undress, too. Why the hell not? He hadn’t been disappointed with any of the sex he’d had with Jamie this far.

The first thing Tyler noticed was that Jamie’s days in the sun and the fresh air had given the boy’s body a healthy color. The smooth flesh was toasted a dull bronze which was only enhanced by the light of the room. The youth’s emerging naked body, aside from the new tan, was just as Tyler remembered it. God, it was beautiful – so fucking young and beautiful. After Tyler had had the big blowup with his old man,

he had driven all night, eventually picking up a young man in the early hours of the next morning. The kid had been about twenty-five and good-looking. The sex with him, though, had been somehow disappointing. At the time, Tyler had been afraid that he had been spoiled by younger men to the point where he wouldn't even be able to ever again enjoy sex unless it was with a youngster. Could that really be true? If his excitement at seeing Jamie again stripped naked was any real indication of the way things were going, Tyler had indeed become someone who preferred chicken.

Jamie sat on the edge of the bed, ripping the T-shirt into strips while Tyler finished undressing.

"Don't tell nobody, but your cock's hard," Jamie said, smiling, finishing with his self-assigned chore. He brought the shredded T-shirts with him from the bed. He stood so close to Tyler that the man's hard cock left a spot of pre-cum on the boy's smooth belly.

"I'm still not sure I want to put myself at your mercy," Tyler said, knowing he wasn't really lying. Yet, there admittedly was something a bit exciting about the prospect of being made completely helpless. Tyler couldn't remember a time when he'd actually been totally under another man's control. What would it feel like? Would Jamie change? Would the kid suddenly turn to a Mr. Hyde, begin stuffing all sorts of things up Tyler's vulnerable asshole?

“If you don’t dig it, I promise to untie you,” Jamie said. “Come on, stud, be a sport.” Jamie took Tyler’s hand and led the man to the bed. Tyler came, but he did so reluctantly.

“Jamie, I’m really not sum I can go through with this.”

“Don’t trust me, do you?” Jamie pouted. “You think this poor slum kid’s just been waitin’ all his life for the chance to tie up some rich WASP an’ work him over good.”

“I think I know you a little better than to think something quite as ridiculous as that.”

“Yeah? Wouldn’t take much for you to prove it.”

“I feel like a fool, Jamie,” Tyler said, sinking to sit on the bed and then obligingly falling back on the mattress. “I never dreamed when I put that call through to you this morning that I’d be tied to a bed by you this evening.”

“What’s the fun if you always know what’s gonna happen?” Jamie asked. “The kick’s in doin’ new stuff.”

“You grow up quick in my neighborhood. Ever tell you that?”

“Yeah, you told me,” Tyler said.

Jamie looked down on the bed where Tyler had positioned himself in preparation for receiving the bonds Jamie had ripped from two old T-shirts to secure him. The boy took a few quick seconds to enjoy the perfection of the man's body – the domed pectorals, the washboard belly, the hard cock, the bagged balls, the powerful thighs and legs. God, Tyler was one beautiful stud! Tyler had it all – or almost all. Soon he would no longer find himself wanting for much of anything.

Jamie splayed Tyler's legs, tying them separately to opposite sides of the foot of the bed. He then walked around to the head of the bed.

"You can back outta this now if you really wanta," Jamie said. "But if you don't, stud, I guarantee you're gonna have an experience that'll blow your mind."

"I've come this far," Tyler said. "Why stop now? I haven't been disappointed in anything you've suggested in the past. I only hope I won't end up being disappointed with this."

"You won't," Jamie said. "Believe me, man, you won't." Jamie first tied both of Tyler's wrists together and then, having Tyler stretch his arms up along the bed over his head, Jamie secured the strips of T-shirt to the headboard.

"Comfortable?" Jamie asked, sitting down on

the edge of the bed and running his fingers down Tyler's chest, over his belly, skirting both the cock and the balls to run along the man's right thigh. The huge cock on Tyler's belly pulsed.

"As comfortable as possible, considering the position I suddenly find myself in," Tyler said. He'd had thoughts in the beginning that he could probably break free at any time no matter how well Jamie tied him. However, now he wasn't so sure. As easily as Jamie had ripped the material, he had somehow twisted it to make it stronger, and his knots, if not as professionally tied as they might have been, did show all indications of being able to keep Tyler sufficiently anchored in place no matter how hard the man might suddenly begin to struggle.

"Now, I'm gonna leave you," Jamie said. He laughed when he saw the confusion and possible fear etched suddenly on Tyler's handsome face. "Hey, stud, don't panic. I'm only gonna take a quick piss."

"That bladder of yours giving you trouble again?" Tyler asked, relieved at Jamie's excuse. For a second, just a quick second, all sorts of things had shot through Tyler's mind. So, why was his cock still so rock-hard?

Jamie left the bed and walked to the dresser. He blew out first one of the candles and then the other. Darkness flooded into the room. Through

eyes that hadn't yet adjusted, Tyler watched Jamie walked to the door. Tyler was going to ask why the lights had been extinguished, but Jamie spoke first.

"Don't go away now, willya?" Jamie asked the amusement of his voice carrying across to Tyler despite the shadows that concealed the smile on the boy's face.

The door opened and shut silently behind Jamie. Tyler heard the footsteps in the hallway outside, listened until they faded. He waited in the dark room, trying to estimate how long Jamie was gone, how long it would take Jamie to walk to the bathroom down the hall, take a leak, walk back. He took the opportunity to try his hand at his bonds. As he'd suspected, they held, actually seemed to get tighter as he strained against them. He decided there would be little point in trying any harder than he already had. If Jamie didn't come back, there would be plenty of time to attempt his strongman routine with a bit more gusto. Right now, he might as well relax and enjoy.

Time seemed to drag. Tyler quickly lost track of it. Jamie had left Tyler's wristwatch on his arm, but it was impossible for Tyler to see it. And why in the hell had Jamie turned off the lights? Tyler's eyes had adjusted somewhat to the new dimness, but the absence of light made fears rise that might have been held in check with even a couple flickering candle

flames.

Tyler looked down over his chest. On his belly, he could see his cock. It was as hard as it had been when he'd taken off his clothes. Any fears Tyler did have were apparently not strong enough to soften his hard-on. In fact, if anything, they were actually stimulants to make his dick go even harder than it already was.

It was a new sensation for Tyler to be helpless. He'd always been a big kid, capable of taking care of himself. He'd been in his share of fights, and he'd won those few that had mattered. He'd been able to take care of a couple tough-eased bullies in his time before they could even deliver any effective blows, and here he was now, made completely helpless by a young kid who didn't look as if he was even dry behind the ears.

More minutes passed. Surely, the kid could have finished his piss by now. He'd taken a couple trips to the bathroom back at the diner, and that hadn't been all that long ago. Off somewhere in the distance, Tyler thought he finally heard a noise. Jamie? Or was it merely the building settling?

Then there were the footsteps. At first, since he'd been anticipating them for so long, he thought these were only his imagination. Then he heard them more distinctly, knew when they paused outside his door.

“Jamie? For God’s sake, what did you do, take time for a shit, too?” There was no answer. Tyler heard rather than saw the doorknob turn. Still, the door didn’t immediately open.

“I thought we were going to fuck, you little bastard?” More silence. Tyler waited, listened, could tell by the faint movement that Jamie was still just outside of the door. Tyler waited. What else could he do? There was something to be said for the waiting. Tyler couldn’t know how well Jamie was actually calculating all of this, but Tyler was really sexually excited. If he’d been able to get his hand free at the moment, he would have taken hold of his cock and started to pump it – hard.

The door creaked as it came open, revealing as it did so the shadow of the young boy who’d been standing behind it.

“You little bastard, you’ve got me hornier than hell,” Tyler said, giving a nervous laugh of relief.

No matter how much he’d told himself it had been just the boy behind the door, his mind couldn’t help having imagined it would be someone or something else. Now that Tyler could see the silhouette of the youthful body, the thick tousled blond hair that was evident even in the dim light, Tyler was ashamed of his doubts. Christ, he was a grown man and shouldn’t have been afraid of the dark!

The figure in the doorway approached slowly. Tyler squinted to get a better look. There was something, something about this that Tyler found horribly exciting.

“Jamie?” Tyler asked. The boy had reached the bed. Tyler felt the give of the springs beneath his ass as the youth crawled into position between his splayed legs. “Aren’t you going to say anything? Not even apologize for taking so long and making me think the worst?”

There was no reply. A hand reached out, almost tentatively, for Tyler’s cock. Fingers glided over the rod, barely touching before pulling away. Tyler didn’t know why, but that brief caress was more of a sexual turn-on than it would have been had the hand fisted about the cock as Tyler had expected it to.

“Don’t be shy,” Tyler said, hoping to coax the fingers back to his cock. God, the kid sure knew how to turn a man on – first the uniqueness of tying Tyler to the bed, and now acting as if he’d never even touched another man’s cock before. “You should know by now that it’s not going to bite.”

Tyler felt the boy’s hands on his thighs, gently running through the hairs there. The fingers petted up and down, never touching the cock but affecting it nevertheless. The big dong thumped against Tyler’s belly.

Tyler wished he had a pillow to prop behind his head so he could more easily see what was happening down between his opened thighs. The way it was, his neck hurt after a while, and he had to let his head press back into the mattress. Above him was the ceiling.

Fingers bit into the muscles of Tyler's thighs. The man lifted his head, looking down his chest and belly, seeing the blond hair as the youth bent over Tyler's belly. A tongue licked Tyler's stomach, dragging wetness over the man's navel. It licked again, closer to the cock but not yet claiming it.

"If you don't take it pretty soon, it's going to cream without you," Tyler said, wiggling his body in an effort to get his cock up to those lips that were butterfly-kissing over his belly.

When the boy's lips did close in on Tyler's cock, the man almost did cream. He fought for control, his hips bucking as the hungry mouth fell down to claim the knob and a couple of fat inches.

"Oh, Christ, stud, you've got me hot and horny," Tyler mumbled, feeling the spit ooze out of the sucking mouth to soak his cock with moisture. Tyler's head was back on the bed, his eyes staring toward the ceiling once more.

The cock was sucked, on only long enough to get it sapped with spit. It was then released from the siphoning mouth to fall, with a

resounding thud, back to Tyler's belly.

The bedsprings gave again as the youth crawled up over Tyler's lower body, moving into a kneeling position over Tyler's belly. The raised ass was poised over Tyler's cock.

Fingers again wrapped Tyler's dick, pulling the spit-drenched tool upward from the belly. Tyler felt the young blond's ass lowering, felt the young blond's buns slipping to hug the knob of the cock as it pressed through the ass crease and found the hung.

"Take me, Jamie!" Tyler grunted, heaving his hips upward in an effort to drive his rod deeply up the boy's ass. "Take me all the way down to my belly."

The ass began to sink, the hung opening for the cockhead, opening wider to take in part of the cockshaft.

"Jesus!" Tyler grunted. He'd known Jamie's ass was tight, but he never remembered it being this tight. Tyler would have liked to put his hands on those young hips to yank the body down even faster. He even forgot his hands were tied and tried to do just that.

The asshole continued to swallow up the cock, sinking until the boy's buns hit bottom, smashing into Tyler's lower belly. It hadn't been one continual slide from knob to balls. The

youth had paused twice to let his ass adjust to the plugging. Tyler was surprised that Jamie had to take his cock by stages when he'd long ago learned how to take it in one slide, but, again, the unexpectedness of the maneuver only increased Tyler's excitement.

The boy leaned forward over Tyler's body, the palms of his hands flattening over the hardness of Tyler's nipples. The boy lifted his hips, dragging free the ass from the cock it had just managed to completely claim. The butt reared upward until its hole was only clogged by the head of Tyler's cock. It then began its downward slide again, this time – aided by the spit and natural lubricant oozed onto the ass walls by the cock – the butt managed to go from the knob to the balls in one complete and uninterrupted slide.

“Ride me, stud,” Tyler pleaded. “Jesus, ride me!” The boy did. Once his ass had become adjusted to the big prick, the youth was able to easily begin a fucking rhythm. His hands on Tyler's chest for support, the blond pulled and pushed his ass over Tyler's cock. The mouth of his bung concaved with each sliding home of the cock, convexing each time the shaft of the cock slipped free.

God, Jamie was a wizard! If Tyler had been a bit dubious about whether he could derive any pleasure from being lashed to a bed and worked over by a young teenager, he'd had another

think coming. Not since he had fucked Jamie on that dirt road could he recall anything to compare to the intensity of this moment. Through blurred eyes, he saw the still-dark silhouette of the youth bouncing over his cock.

“So good. So good,” Tyler moaned, his head rocking on the bed, his tongue wetting his passion-dried lips.

“I told you you’d like it,” Jamie answered.

“Yes, God, yes,” Tyler mumbled, and then the realization hit him. It had been Jamie who had just spoken, but the voice had come not from the figure bouncing on his prick but from the periphery of the room. Tyler turned his head in that direction, wondering if his eyes were playing tricks on him. Was the pleasure beginning to make him hallucinate?

A match flickered in the darkness, revealing Jamie’s face and the candles on the chest of drawers. The wick of one candle caught flame.

Tyler couldn’t believe it, couldn’t actually understand. How could Jamie be there now, smiling at him, candle in hand, walking toward the bed, when Jamie’s butt was still bouncing over his cock?

“We went to an awful lotta trouble to work this out after you called,” Jamie said. “I wantcha to know that.”

Tyler was beset by conflicting emotions. On the one hand, he wanted the fuck to cease so he wouldn't be so distracted and could think. On the other hand, he wanted his sexual release, in fact desperately needed it. What in the hell was happening?

Jamie sat on the edge of the bed, balancing the candle on his knee. He ran his free hand over the man's chest and belly, up to Tyler's neck and face. He traced the line of Tyler's sensuous lips.

"You know whose room this was?" Jamie asked. The candlelight seemed to catch in his hair and hold there, giving a halo effect. "It was Terry's. You know whose T-shirts those are tyin' you to the bed? Terry's."

"Stop it!" Tyler said. He didn't want to hear any more, but he knew he would. There was more, and he would have to hear it.

"You know whose ass you're fuckin' now?"

"Jesus, no," Tyler mumbled. "Sweet, Jesus, no."

Jamie said. "Terry's."

Jamie lifted the candle so that Tyler could see the face of the boy whose ass was riding over his cock. It was Terry. It was Tyler's son. Tyler's cock was jabbed deep up his own son's ass! Terry's eyes looked gazed with pleasure, his

face flushed, his body glossed with sweat that glowed in the pale light. He didn't stop his fucking motions. He continued to ride his father's cock.

"See whatcha both been missin'?" Jamie asked.

"No," Tyler moaned. "Please, no."

Tyler fought for control. He couldn't let himself come, could he? He just couldn't – as if his abstinence might actually counteract the fact that he had already come too far with his cock up his own son's asshole. Maybe something could be salvaged if he just didn't blast. Why in the hell was Terry continuing with the fuck? Couldn't Terry see the implications of what they were doing?

"Just relax," Jamie said, his hand working beneath Terry's rising and falling ass, taking hold of Tyler's compacted balls. "Let it come. You want it. I want it. Terry wants it."

"NO!" Tyler screamed helplessly, but protests were to no avail.

Tyler's nuts erupted, exploded hot bullets of cum up his son's twitching ass. The father grunted and groaned, caught in a webbing of ecstasy that refused to release him. He rode the waves of pleasure, fighting to free himself from the bonds that held his arms and legs.

All he succeeded in doing was jerking his exploding cock up his son's tight young asshole.

Jamie watched the spasming of the father and the spasming of the son. Terry's cock had erupted during Tyler's throes of ecstasy. The boy's spunk pulsed free of his cock and splattered to globes of whiteness on Tyler's belly. The room was filled with sounds of males in orgasm.

Jamie used his fingers to rub in the cum Terry had splattered on Tyler's chest and belly. The mess was warm and wet between his fingers. He was content. Blane and Greg had possibly been right after all. Maybe there was a way to get out of the slums and stay out. And maybe Jamie had found just the ticket to take him out first-class. Tyler and Terry would help him. Hadn't he been the one responsible for fulfilling their wildest fantasies?

W.J. Franklander would be appreciative, aside from the college scholarship. Jamie had won during the old man's competitions. Hadn't Jamie done what the grandfather couldn't do – given the son back to the father and vice versa?

"Untie me," Tyler said, his voice weak from the throes of the orgasm which had just shaken him.

"What's the hurry?" Jamie asked, his fingers still trailing in the mess made by Terry's exploded cum. "Your son an' me still got a few more

surprises for you. Right, Terry?"

"A lot of surprises," Terry said, his own voice breathless after his ecstatic ride on his father's erupting cock.

"Why don'tcha just lie there an' relax, Tyler," Jamie said. "The good times're just startin'."

And Jamie was right. They had!

THE END